

-THREE-PENCE-

The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions
BY
Mrs. BESANT,
IDA LEMON,
etc., etc.,
and Song by
T. SYDNEY SMITH.

75 ILLUSTRATIONS



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November, 1891.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS & DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER

Put up in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,
33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, Proprietors.

ACTON & BORMAN'S

SPECIALITIES:

"PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH,

IN 3d. PACKETS AND 6d. 1s. 2s. 6d. TINS EVERYWHERE.

"ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD

IN PACKETS, 1d. & 2d. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED

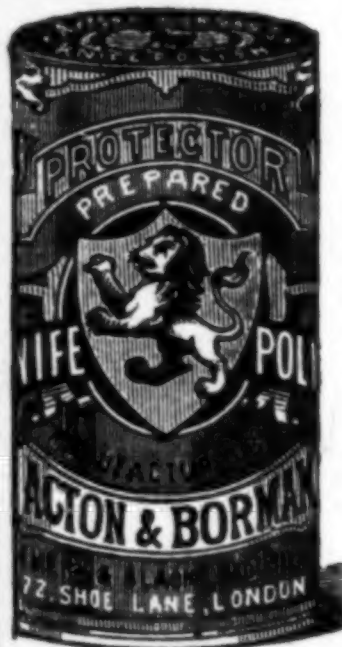
"GENUINE" EMERY-EMERY AND GLASS CLOTHS.

"ROYAL PATENT" FLEXIBLE GLASS PAPER.

BLOCK BLACK LEADS, KNIFE BOARDS, &c.

72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1781.



ACTON'S "ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD.

A LASTING & BRILLIANT POLISH
PRODUCED IMMEDIATELY
WITHOUT WASTE OR DUST.
IN 1d. 2d. & 4d. PACKETS — EVERYWHERE
72, SHOE LANE LONDON

ACTON'S "PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH.

A SILVER SURFACE PRODUCED
IMMEDIATELY ON CUTLERY,
WITHOUT WEAR, FRICTION OR DUST
TINS 3d 6d 1/- & 2/6 EACH
DEPOT, 72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.



Harness' Electropathic Belts are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated Constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectively preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that **Harness' Electropathic Belts** have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively "incurable."

THE REV. E. F. SHAW.

An Interesting Incident in his Life.

The Rev. E. F. Shaw, F.R.A.S., who resides in London at 122, Elgin Avenue, W., is the only brother of Captain Shaw of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and during the month of June, 1889, when he was in a very weak state of health, he happily took up a London daily paper, and carefully read through four whole columns of letters—all convincing testimonials in favour of Harness' Electropathic Belts, and each report explaining how a marvellous cure had been effected by simply wearing one of these genuine and convenient health appliances. Amongst those who had by this simple means been completely restored to health were men and women in all stations in life who had suffered from various obstinate ailments, including the following: Nervous Exhaustion, Hysteria, Brain Fog, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Constipation, Internal Weakness, Disorder of the Kidneys and other organs, Epilepsy, Impaired Vitality, &c. There are also testimonials from Rupture Sufferers who have been wonderfully relieved by wearing Harness' Improved Hernia Appliances.

Mr. Shaw noticed in the advertisement that the Medical Battery Co., Ltd., who are the sole proprietors and manufacturers of Harness' Electropathic Appliances, invited the public to call at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street (at the corner of Rathbone Place), London, W., and see the original testimonials, and avail themselves of a free personal consultation. He accordingly visited the Company's Establishment—which, by the way, is the largest and only complete Electro-therapeutic Institute in the world—and purchased an Electropathic Belt and Battery for his own use; and it is well to notice that after a lapse of sixteen months his sense of gratitude led him to add his testimony to the thousands of satisfactory reports already received by the Company, and the following is a verbatim copy of a letter which he wrote to Mr. Harness, the original of which may be personally inspected (with a multitude of others—equally convincing), or a facsimile copy may be had with descriptive illustrative pamphlet, free of charge, on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, President, the Medical Battery Company, Ltd., 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

Copy of the Letter:—

From the Rev. E. F. Shaw, F.R.A.S., 122, Elgin Avenue, London, W., October 25th, 1890. He says:—"The appliances which I procured from you sixteen months since, viz., an Electric Battery and Electropathic Belt, have proved most valuable to me, my general health is very much better ever since I began to use them, and my throat is restored from chronic tenderness from which I had suffered for many years. You can refer anyone you please to me."

All in search of health should either call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation, or write at once for pamphlet and book of testimonials. ONLY ADDRESS, THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.



COULDN'T SEE FOR HIMSELF.

"Want a shine, Boss?"

"I don't know. Do I need it?"

READ THIS FACT.

94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings on paper, but I should like to thank you, for your lozenges have done wonders for me in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive and getting on well) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for abduct, or paralysis of the vocal chords, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; indeed it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus also, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty."

Mr. T. Keating.

I am, Sir, yours truly.

J. HILL.

MEDICAL NOTE.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense. Mr. Hill kindly allows any reference to be made to him.

THE UTTERLY UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR COUGHS, HOARSENESS AND THROAT TROUBLES.

*"Keating's Cough Lozenges" are sold everywhere, in Tins, 1/1½ and 2/9 each.
Free by Post, 15 Stamps.*

THOS. KEATING, CHEMIST, LONDON.



TO GET RID OF
Worms in Children,
USE
**KEATING'S
WORM TABLETS.**

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only Certain Remedy for **INTESTINAL** or **THREAD WORMS**. It is a perfectly Safe and Mild Preparation, and is especially adapted for Children.

Sold in Tins, 1/1½ each, by all Chemists (free by post 15 stamps).

THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, Bride Lane, London.



WHERE HE FAILED.

"My friend, I hope you now see the great mistake of your life?"

"Yes; I ought to have killed the slavey, too, then she wouldn't have peached on me, and I shouldn't have been here."



FOOTBALL PLAYERS

Send a Post-card to

A. W. GAMACE

(THE "ATHLETES' PROVIDER")

For his **Price List of Goods for Season 1891 & 1892.**

A slight perusal will convince them that it is the
Cheapest House in the Trade.

WONDERFUL VALUE. . . COMPARE PRICES.

*SPECIAL LINES in JERSEYS and all ACCESSORIES required
by FOOTBALLISTS and RUNNING MEN.*

Flannellette Harlequin Shirts 2s. 11d.	Knickers from - - - 1s. 4d.
Flannel do. - - - 5s. 9d.	Do. Navy Serge - - 2s. 6d.

SOLID HIDE FOOTBALLS | FOOTBALL BOOTS, 6/11

Match size from **4/10.** | Ankle Protectors, 7/11.

Footballs, Shin Guards, Sashes, Belts and Caps.

Secretaries of Clubs should now write in.

PATRONISED BY THE LEADING CLUBS.

126 & 129, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

The Favourite Confection.

WORLD-WIDE SALE.

SKUSE'S HERBAL TABLETS

Prepared from the Finest Aniseed, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Marshmallow, and other choice Herbs.

Sold everywhere in 3 oz. tins, 3d. Three, post free, 1s.

WORKS:

106, PRAED STREET, W.



BOY (*breathlessly*): Oh, Dad! There's a man been here and run away with her!

FATHER (*in alarm*): What! With the colt?

BOY: No; with mother.

FATHER (*more calmly*): Oh wall, he'll fetch her back.

A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR



Is a charming and necessary addition to every person, no matter in what rank of Society they are in. How to get and keep it has often puzzled many, and the nostrums so largely advertised now, only tend to make them disgusted after use. **BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS** has been before the public in America for over 100 years, and, to-day, has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind in the world. There is not a civilised country where it cannot be found, not through advertising, but simply by recommendation from those who have tried and approved of it. With regular use

**IT IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO
MAKE THE HAIR THICK, LUXURIANT, AND GLOSSY.**

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FALLING OUT.

TO REMOVE DANDRIF AND SCURF.

IT WILL PREVENT AND CURE

BALDNESS,

THE HAIR GETTING THIN,

ALL SCALP DISEASES.



TO REACH THE COLOSSAL SALES

OF 3,000 BOTTLES PER DAY, the Preparation must have some merit, and if further proof were required to certify to this, it is only necessary to say that scores of testimonials have been received from every country under the sun.



Prof. Barry's Tricopherous was not a discovery of chance, but the result of long and laborious scientific investigation. He began at the beginning and worked up step by step until he accurately ascertained the component parts of the hair structure. This enabled him to compound a chemical equivalent, which, if applied to the scalp according to directions will not only prevent the hair from falling out, but will, when it has fallen out, supply with mathematical exactness, that with which nature at first fostered its growth, and thereby cause it again to sprout up and grow with just as much certainty as that seeds cast into the ground will, in due time, produce a crop of their kind.

From the COUNTESS of ELGIN.

Government House, Quebec.

To PROFESSOR BARRY.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Countess of Elgin, now in Scotland, to request you to send her, per Canada Express, four boxes of your **Barry's Tricopherous for the Hair**, with the view of its being sent to England with the Earl of Elgin's other effects. As his Lordship's stay here may be short, please forward it at your earliest convenience. Lady Elgin also desires me to enquire if you have an agent in Britain for the sale of your **Tricopherous**, as her Ladyship and family connections highly approve of it.

I am, DEAR SIR, &c.,

AL. MCEWAN,

Secretary to his Excellency the Earl of Elgin.

TO ENSURE ITS HAVING A FAIR TRIAL

We are prepared to send, post free, to everyone cutting out and forwarding the Coupon at foot, within two months from this date, a 3/- Bottle for 2/-, or 3 bottles for 5/9, on receipt of Stamps or Postal Order. Nothing can be fairer than this offer, and we are equally confident that having once used it no lady will have any other.



This Coupon entitles holder to one 3/- bottle of BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, post-free for 2/-, providing it is received within two months of this date—November, 1891.

"THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

"THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HUTTON'S IRISH LINEN



1 dozen

Genuine Irish Cambric
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS,

Post free for 2/6.


Send P.O. or Stamps to
G. R. HUTTON & Co., Larne, Ireland.

THE APPROVED REMEDY
OF THE AGE

Alcock's Plasters

are the best.

USE THEM FOR
SPRAINS, STRAINS.
& PAINS
OF EVERY
DESCRIPTION



BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS & COLDS

COLDS AND CHILLS.

THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE BLOOD.

Decomposition of Waste Matters in the Blood, by giving birth to both animal and vegetable life in its most minute forms, as often originates from a chill or congestion as from any other cause. The chill may pass away, but the disease germ or acid is too frequently left behind, and does a deal of mischief.

Moreover it may be taken as an axiom that in the blood of every one of us there are sleeping germs of disease, which only waken to life under certain unhealthy conditions favourable to them, but hurtful to us. A cold or chill frequently wakens an old disease, or a hereditary tendency to a specific complaint, by causing certain unhealthy changes and decomposition in the blood.

It may seem strange that the same primary cause may originate many seemingly different complaints, but, nevertheless, it is so. No two persons are exactly alike in constitutions; every person has some special tendency or predisposition to one or more particular complaints. This may be the result of hereditary tendency, climatic surroundings—either now or in earlier life—diet, previous illnesses, &c. The broad fact remains, however, that originating in the blood, they must be treated by a medicine dealing with the circulation. For this purpose there is no remedy so really valuable and yet so simple and safe as “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets.”

It is sometimes difficult to understand why a seemingly so simple remedy as “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” can do so much real good. In essence the reason is that they sap a complaint by degrees and little, day by day, expel a portion of the seed and germ, or acid of the disease. And so gently is this done that it is almost imperceptible, except by the patient’s gradually improving condition.

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” carry an antiseptic purifying power into the blood where it is most needed. And there is no other medicine that has the same double power of purification and expulsion in the same degree as “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets.”

It is as if, in a garden full of weeds, they first pulled up the weeds by the roots, and then gathered them together and destroyed them, lest the weeds might take root again.

The safety and virtue of “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” are further demonstrated by their action in persons suffering from constipation, or of constipated habit of body. The usual pills and cathartic medicine excite an undue performance of peristaltic force, in other words, cause a spasmodic increase of the vermicular or wormlike writhings of the intestines, by which nature expels food refuse. But nature resents shocks, so that afterwards the action becomes more inert than before, and the complaint returns and needs the constant resort to purgatives to effect what is required.

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets,” on the other hand, are a gentle laxative acting by tonic power in the blood-vessels. They do not excite force, they merely enable the natural functions to do their own work by relieving the blood vessels which control the vermicular action of clogged matters and impurities which impair their usefulness.

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets,” on the other hand, neither create piles nor intensify the constipation—they relieve and benefit both. They are not, however, a purgative; they won’t act in three or four hours in the violent manner to which you have been accustomed after using strong pills, and which you have thought to be good, but which, in reality, make the complaint worse. But gradually “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” will put matters right, and will not injure any function whatever, and this applies as much to women and children as to men. Moreover, they will in the worst cases do great good, and are the safest and pleasantest of all preventive remedies for the army of those whose sedentary habits of life or business methods predispose them to constipated habits of body. Most dwellers in cities need the occasional aid of a gentle aperient, and in “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” is to be found the safest and best of all.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Samples of “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” will be sent gratis and post free, on application to Frazer’s Tablets, Limited, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C. Write your name and address clearly and legibly, and name the “*Ludgate Monthly*.”

“Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. (post free 1s. 3d.), and are for sale by most chemists and medicine vendors. Every packet bears our name and address, and has a Government medicine stamp affixed. “Frazer’s Sulphur Tablets” are pleasing to the eye, pleasant to the taste, and are guaranteed safe and pure. In health they keep the blood pure, ensure a good complexion, and ward off disease. In sickness they mitigate suffering, and have great curative efficacy.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CORNS?
 THEN USE
ALLCOCK'S
CORN PLASTERS.

THEY AFFORD IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

ALLCOCK'S
 CORN PLASTERS.

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ALLCOCK'S
 BUNION PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S
 BUNION PLASTERS.

HAVE YOU BUNIONS OR ENLARGED TOE JOINTS?
 USE
ALLCOCK'S
BUNION PLASTERS.

They give EASE AT ONCE, and are far superior to any
 remedy of a similar kind.

Ask your Chemist for them, or send 1s. 1½d. in stamps to
 22, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD.



BARRY'S PEARL CREAM

for the
COMPLEXION

Imparts to the darkest skin a clear, natural white tinged with the faintest rose-blush. Speedily removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan, and mantles the faded cheek with youthful bloom and beauty. If not obtainable of your Chemist send P.O. or stamps for 2/9 to "THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C., and a bottle will be sent per return of post.



This preparation is guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, and therefore may be used with perfect safety. It is beautifully perfumed and is sure to give satisfaction. **BARRY'S PEARL CREAM** is most efficacious in softening the skin and preventing its chapping, and in removing irritation arising from changes of weather. Be sure the name "BARCLAY & CO., New York" is on every bottle.

FIELDS

OZOKERIT

CANDLES

MADE

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., LAMBETH, S.E.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

HELEN: Oh, Ethel! There's a Man-of-War coming directly towards us.

ETHEL: Do let me take the glass! I have been here six weeks and it is the first man of any kind I have seen.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

- 1.—O; because it is always in a row.
- 2.—Because it has tendrills, and shoots.
- 3.—Because it passes.
- 4.—When he presses his suit.

- 5.—When the doctor orders bark.
- 6.—Because having men of Cork the Irish float well, whereas the Welsh are heavily weighted with Flint.

WINNERS OF PRIZES.

The Competition Editor awards the three 3-vol. Novels to—
E. G. COLLINS, 11, Akerman Road, Brixton, London, S.W.
G. W. MORRIS, 6, Montpelier Hill, Dublin.
GEO. H. GRAYS, Hemmingford Abbots School, St. Ives, Hunts.

And the two 2-vol. Novels to—
JAMES BURNS, Leyden Place, Bonnyriggs, near Edinburgh.
M. S. PARRY, Newman House, Kennington Road, S.E.

WORD COMPETITION.

Several persons tied in this Competition, each sending in the word "hydro-pneumatics." The Editor has awarded the Prizes to—

- 1.—C. MARSH, 82, Pentonville Road, N.
- 2.—HERBERT W. HUDSON, 136, Varna Road, Birmingham.
- 3.—E. WALTON, 33, York Street, The Avenue, Southampton.

- 4.—JAMES FARMER, 44, King Street, West Manchester.
- 5.—ROBERT LORAIN, 48, Alexander Parade, Glasgow.
- 6.—WILLIAM HENRY HOBSON, Long Room, Revenue Buildings, Liverpool.

RESULT OF CRICKET COMPETITION IN OUR AUGUST NUMBER.

The following is List of first 20 Cricketers.

A. Ward ... 373	H. T. Hewett ... 226	W. H. Patterson ... 201	Ulyett ... 168
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Abel ... 243	J. B. Challen ... 203	W. Rushleigh ... 170	McLaren ... 152

The Winner of the GOLD WATCH is Mr. W. J. YOUNG, The Lodge, Govan Road, Glasgow.

Ready 10th November, 1891.

THE LOST DIAMONDS

A Story of thrilling interest, by
FLORENCE MARRYAT AND CHARLES OGILVIE.
Price One Shilling.

224 PAGES, WELL PRINTED, AND COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED. BOUND IN STIFF COVERS.

THE LOST DIAMONDS will be the first Volume of a Series of Novels by first class Authors, to be Published by The Ludgate Publishing Company, as "THE LUDGATE LIBRARY," at the popular price of One Shilling.

THE LOST DIAMONDS will be ready 10th November, 1891.

"The Ludgate Monthly" CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Price 3d., Post Free 4½d.,

Will consist of a complete Novel, beautifully illustrated, entitled—

"THE WOFUL STORY OF Mr. WOBBLEY, COMEDIAN,"
By HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Eagle Joe," "Scarlet Fortune," "A Leading Lady," "For Old Virginia," "Between the Whiffs,"
"Time's Whirligig." Joint Author of "The Silver King," "Claudian," &c., &c.

Will be published 3rd December. Should be ordered at once from your Bookseller.

NOW READY.

COVERS FOR BINDING THE FIRST SIX MONTHS' NUMBERS,

Handsomely Printed on Pale Lemon Cloth in Black and Red.

PRICE 1s., OR FREE BY POST, 1s. 3d.

Can be Ordered through your Newsagent or Bookseller



"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

PAT: Moike, th' tells me as yez have quit worrukin in the powder factory. Was it too dangerous?

MIKE: Dangerous? Well, be gob! I belave if I had worruked there till now I'd a be'n dead a year ago.



MISS GOWITT: Why did you come down to the beach Mr. Colday?

MR. COLDAY: To see you.

MISS GOWITT: Well, you may as well go back to the city I don't bathe; I only stroll down to the beach to look on.

CLOTHED WITH AIR.

CELLULAR CLOTH is composed of small cells, in which the air is enclosed and warmed by the heat of the body. A perfect non-conducting layer is thus formed next the skin. Owing to the *Cellular* construction this cloth is much lighter and better ventilated than ordinary fabric, and is easier to wash. *Cellular* cloth is made in cotton, silk, silk and cotton, and merino.

**CELLULAR DRESS AND DAY SHIRTS.
CELLULAR NIGHT SHIRTS.
CELLULAR PYJAMAS.
CELLULAR VESTS AND PANTS.
CELLULAR UNDERWEAR FOR LADIES.
CELLULAR CORSETS.**

Illustrated price list, with names of 160 country agents, sent post free on application. A complete assortment of Stock at

**OLIVER BROS., 417, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, 14 & 15, POULTRY, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**



KOKO FOR THE HAIR



Don't go Bald!

KOKO stops hair falling and increases its growth. The best dressing. Free from dye or oil. Thousands of Testimonials. Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser for it. A 12 oz. bottle sent by post free from observation on receipt of 4s. 6d., or a 6 oz. bottle for 2s. 6d.

IF YOU MENTION THIS PAPER, A SAMPLE BOTTLE will be SENT FOR 1s. 3d.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

We put up the **AMERICAN SHAMPOO LIQUID**, the best wash for the hair, at 1s. 6d. per 12 oz. bottle, post free, or Powder sufficient to make that amount for 6 stamps. **POCONO**, the new **PERFUME**, Pleasant, Peculiar, Permanent, 2 oz. bottles 3s. post paid, or 3d. Sample Tube containing more real perfume than many shilling packages for 4 stamps. **DARK & WAN HAIR COLOR**, will change grey or faded hair to brown or black. 12 oz. bottles free by post 6s. **GOOD HAIR—HOW KEPT**, Fourth Edition, illustrated and colored ed. for 6 stamps. Call at 22, Regent Street, and see the wonderful hair on exhibition, or write, enclosing price to **Koko-Maricopas Co., 9, Prince Teck Buildings, Earl's Court, London.**

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



If
Love
rules Court,
and Camp, and
Grove,
And Health, again, crowns
rosy Love,
Then BEECHAM'S PILLS, it
must befall,
By ruling Health,
will rule us all.

WORTH A GUINEA A
BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ST. HELENS
ENGLAND

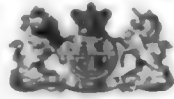
Prepared only, and sold Wholesale, by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helena, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

WM. POLSON'S CORN FLOUR.

The ORIGINAL and FIRST MANUFACTURED in GREAT BRITAIN.

Manufacturer by Special
Appointment to



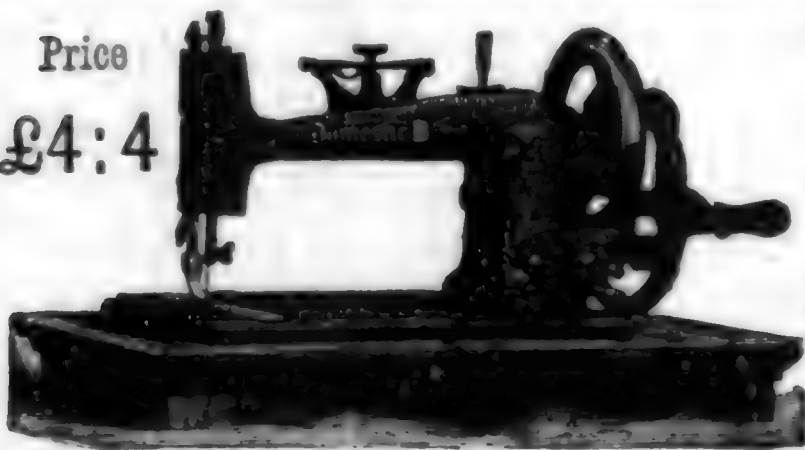
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN.

USED IN THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD FOR MANY YEARS.

WM. POLSON & CO.,
PAISLEY AND LONDON.

THE AMERICAN 'DOMESTIC' HAND SEWING MACHINE.

Price
£4:4



PRICE £4:4

Self-Setting Needles. Self-Adjusting Tensions. Powerful Feed. Plenty of Room under Arm and Presser Foot. Adjustable Shuttle, entirely Self-Threading. Very Large Bobbins, holding upwards of Fifty yards of Cotton. Loose Pulley for Winding Bobbin.

Nickel Plated and Ornamented, and complete with Cover, and the following accessories:—

12 Needles, 3 Hemmers, Quilter, 6 Bobbins, Guide and Screw, Oil Can (full of Oil), Screw Driver, and Instruction Book. Special Packing Box 2/-. Table and Stand for above, 32/-; with Two Side Drawers, 44 6.

Liberal Discount for Cash. Write for fuller Particulars and Prospectus of our other Styles.

AMERICAN DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DELICIOUS
HEALTHFUL ECONOMICAL
DESICCATED SOUP
TOMATO
COMPOSED
LARGELY OF TOMATOS.
MAKING
A RICH DELICIOUS SOUP
RETAINING FULL FLAVOR OF FRESH TOMATOS
Bottles & Tins 1lb 2/6 · 1/2 lb 1/3 · 1/4 lb 8d 3 to 6,
A USEFUL COOKERY BOOK CAMOMILE ST.,
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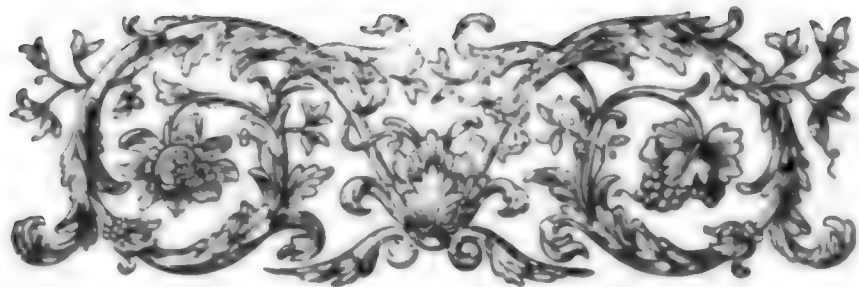
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THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

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TIPPITTYWITCHETT.



I.



E'D been having the worst kind of luck. Of course a show like mine could not expect long runs; but a week's stand in each town should certainly have paid, with such attractions as I carried.

Nigh on to desperation, I sat in a miserable room at the American Eagle Hotel in Marsboro. We had not taken in enough even to pay the bill-stickers. I tell you, I felt blue.

And my poor "Aggregation"; every one of them was hungry. And I could not disband—I did not have the heart to do it, they were so considerate of me. Not one complained; heaven only knows what they might have done, if they had not been so devoted to me.

But one thing was sure; this could not go on much longer. I think if I could have convinced myself that I was the Jonah of the "Aggregation," I—well I don't know what passed through my mind. I believe I was thinking of praying, when somebody knocked at the door.

My heart jumped into my throat.

The somebody knocked again.

"Come in," I managed to growl.

The door opened just enough to admit a head surmounted by a pretty little hat that ineffectually tried to control a great shock of curly, red hair—Titian red. The face beneath that hair was sweet. Sweet? I tell you it was divine. I felt sure that my bad luck had driven me crazy, and that this was

a phantasmagoria. Phantasmagoria; yes, that was one of the words I often use on the bills.

The lips opened with a ravishing smile, and exposed two rows of dazzling, white, little teeth. They were so regular that they suggested artificiality.

"Mr. Smith?" interrogated a voice, so musical my name sounded almost pretty.

"Yes, ma'am," I answered, wondering what could have brought that vision to me.

"Manager of the All Star Aggregation?"

"Yes, ma'am," I sighed.

"May I come in?" She spoke so cordially, so prettily, that I felt ashamed at my lack of politeness.

"Of course, certainly, prance right in," I said effusively, springing from the rickety chair—the only one in the room.

My, what a figure! I tell you, a Parisian doll could not have been more perfect. And I swear she was not over five feet high.

"Please come in, miss," I repeated. "Take a seat, please."

She paid no heed to the distressed appearance of the room, but looked at me most winsomely.

"I should like to go on the stage," she said with charming directness.

"You, miss?" I said in astonishment.

"Why—why, you are a *lady*."

"Yes," she laughed, "still I want to go on the stage. I can play the banjo very well, and—here let me get this old table out of the way. Now, you sit on the bed and be audience; front seat, bald-headed row. Now I come on. Applaud, to give me courage."

I clapped my hands, like a fool.

She pirouetted forward, raised her skirt just enough to show one little bootie, and

then did a song and dance that drove me wild.

Her voice was like golden bells, her gestures were all grace, and her dancing—well, I tell you, I never saw anything like it.

I felt like rushing at her, and taking her in my arms; but—she was a lady, you know.

She saw what effect her song and dance had made upon me, as she sat down and smiled.

I felt I must say something, so I ventured: "Miss, that is grand!"

"I'm glad you like it," she said cheerfully. "Do you want an encore?"

"No, please, don't," I urged.

"Why not?" she queried archly.

"Because it will break my heart that I cannot secure your services. I am too poor," I answered despondingly.

"Well, try me for a week," she said, in a business-like way. "If I prove a Mascotte, pay me what I am worth to you, and if not, why, let me go."

What manager on the verge of bankruptcy would have refused the offer? I accepted.

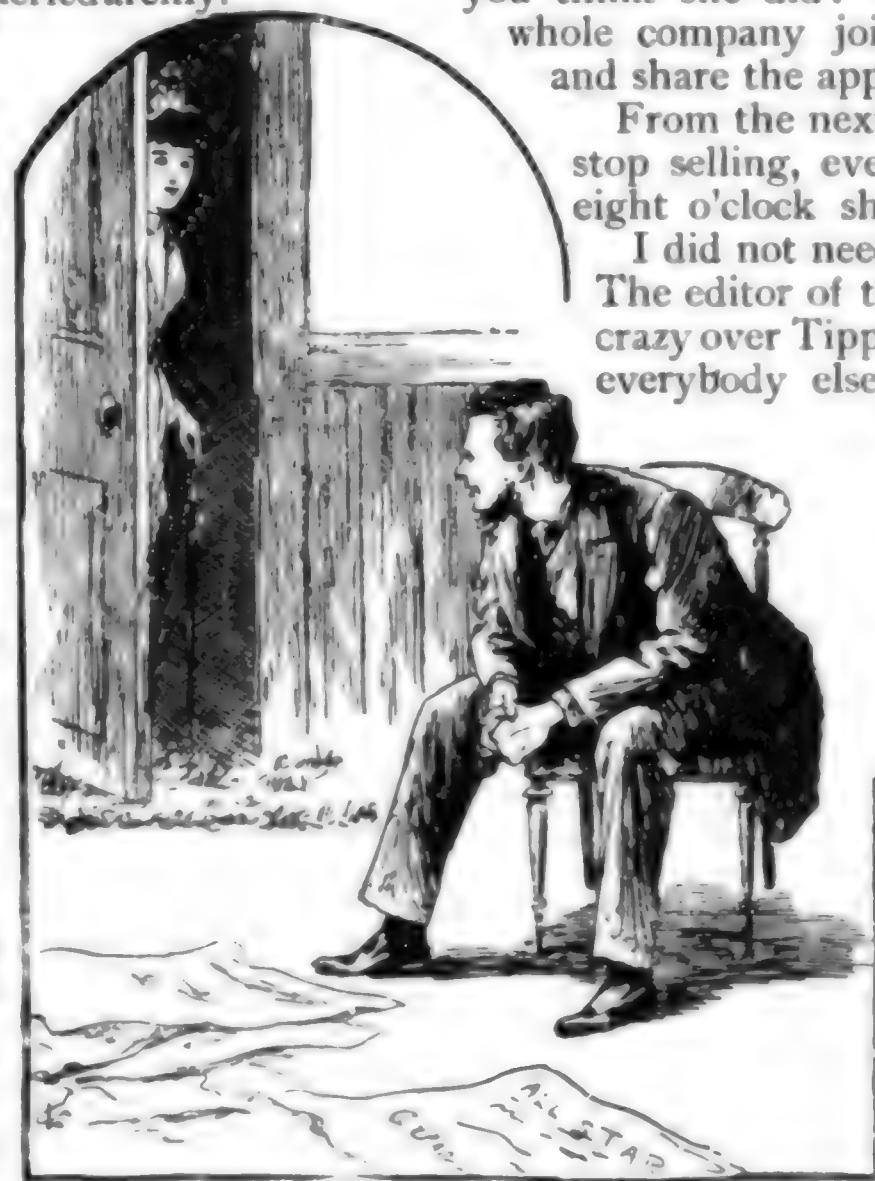
"Your name, Miss?" I asked.

"Not Miss," she answered, "just plain Tippittywitchett."

"What!" I exclaimed, astounded.

"Tippittywitchett."

She spoke so firmly, yet so sweetly, that I could not but take her hand and say: "Well, Tippittywitchett, it's a go."



"FRANCE RIGHT IN, I SAID EFFUSIVELY.

II.

The editor and proprietor of the *Marsboro Vulture* accepted my old watch as a pledge for a flaming advertisement, as follows:

"Mr. T. Hamilton Smith, manager of the All Star Aggregation, has the honour of announcing to the appreciative public of Marsboro the arrival of the famous artiste, petite Tippittywitchett, from the Royal Bengal Theatre of Burmah, and formerly of the Imperial Theatre of London."

How Tippittywitchett laughed when she read the advertisement. But how I laughed when I saw the house that it drew. I tell you, she was a Mascotte of the first water.

As we of the profession say, she "hogged" all the applause. The audience was dazzled when she first skipped on. You should have heard them yell.

Her tight-fitting gown showed her every motion, and when she raised her dress with one hand, and showed that little bootee, and nothing more than the bootee, I tell you, they howled.

She was re-called four times, and then, as the audience wanted her again, what do you think she did? why, she made the whole company join hands, and go on and share the applause with her.

From the next night on we had to stop selling, even standing room, at eight o'clock sharp.

I did not need any more paid ads. The editor of the *Vulture* had gone crazy over Tippittywitchett, just like everybody else; and his editorials every day had some direct or indirect reference to her.

The third night, when we had nearly all Marsboro in the house, the big jewellery store of the town was burglarized. Do you suppose anybody paid any attention to it? Not a bit of it.

And then came a Saturday—the first Saturday that was a pay-day for many weeks past.

My whole company felt good, but I tell you none of them felt as good as I did. It was a real pleasure to pay off the people who had stuck to me through the hard luck without as much as a complaint.

I was in a pickle, though; I did not know how much to pay Tippittywitchett, and you can consider me a fool if you like, she was too much of a lady to make giving her money an easy thing. Still I had to do it, so I called her in.

"Tippittywitchett," I said, to break the ice, "the day of reckoning has come."

"The ghost walks, does it?" she laughed. I did not like to hear her use vulgar stage-slang; but her laugh, just like the rippling



"TIPPITYWITCHETT PIROUETTED FORWARD. I CLAPPED, LIKE A FOOL."

of a brook, upset me, and knocked all thoughts of reproof from me. I did not know what to say; odd, too, for I certainly had enough experience with women.

But Tippitywitchett would not leave anyone embarrassed long.

"Well, Mr. Smith," she said, direct, open and frank as usual, "you want me to fix the value of my services, do you not?"

"That's just it, Tippitywitchett," I answered. I felt that if she were to ask the entire receipts, I would have handed her the whole pile of money before me.

"What do you say," she asked, cocking her head to one side like a pretty little bird, "what do you say to thirty dollars?"

"What!" I could not help almost screaming the word.

"Well, make it twenty-five then," she said.

"Why, Tippitywitchett, you are certainly worth more than that. You'll not stay with the All Star Aggregation for any such price."

"Mr. Smith," she responded in a serious tone, that sounded funny with the little creature, "I will remain in your company

for six months at twenty-five dollars per week."

"And I will not have you at those figures," I answered.

"Why not?" I tell you it upset me entirely to see her pout in that disappointed way—just like a baby.

"Because you are cheap at fifty and expenses," I answered.

"You are so kind." Her manner was demure now.

"Here, Tippitywitchett," I said, as I put fifty dollars into an envelope, "take this now, and as soon as I can, I will make it more. Old scores to pay off, you know."

She took the envelope and put it into her pocket. "Do you want me to sign an agreement for the six months?"

"No, Tippitywitchett," I answered, "your word is as good as your bond."

"So is yours, Mr. Smith," she answered blithely. "Thank you, and good night."

The little vision was gone, and I felt as if a piece had been taken out of my life.

In love with her? Not a bit of it; I knew too much of women for that. And anyway, what would that jewel do with



THE FLAMING ADVERTISEMENT.

such an old curmudgeon as I am? I tell you she was cut out for a prince, European or American; but *I* in love with her? Not much.

III.

How do you think she spent Sunday; lazying and lalligagging about? No, Siree. She went to church, she did, and—don't laugh—she made us all go too. Think of it; not one of us had been in church six times in our lives, and some of us never.

I did not remember exactly what were the right capers to cut at service, but I guess I got through all right.

A funny thing happened that Sunday. The preacher; my—what a fine-looking old man he was—opened his show by telling the audience that his organist was sick, and would any brother or sister oblige us? "We do not expect a finished rendition, and we will praise the Lord in plain, old-fashioned, easy hymns."

Nobody saw his ante. The dear old gentleman looked distressed for a moment; then he said in a sort of sarcastic tone: "Perhaps some of our visiting brothers or sisters in the Lord will help us out to-day?"

I'll be hanged if Tippitywitchett did not get up out of her pew, and walk quietly to the organ.

The old clergyman looked annoyed, but

when he saw that face and that hair, holding the sunlight prisoner, astonishment overspread his benevolent countenance.

"Thank you, sister," he said, and then gave out the hymn. I tell you, Tippitywitchett made that organ hum. And her singing! her voice drowned all the others. When it came to the "Nearer, my God, to Thee," everybody was still. Tippitywitchett had to go it all alone, and the way she sang it would make the angels think they had to come to her for singing lessons.

Then the old man preached a sermon. It was a lively dose for us. He first said something I could not make head or tail of, and then he went for the sinfulness of theatre-goers and players generally. I think he intended to scald us more strongly, but after seeing Tippitywitchett, he toned it down, for fear of hurting her feelings.

When he got through, he gave out another hymn. It was very difficult music. Not a soul joined in, and Tippitywitchett had to do it as a solo.

She played a long prelude, and still longer interludes between each verse. We heard the cry of "fire" outside. People rushed by, but not a man, woman or child in the church budged.

When we returned to the hotel, we learned that the Marsboro Bank had burned down, and, in some miraculous manner the big fire-proof safe had fallen into the cellar. In the fall the doors had been broken, and all the bonds and bank-bills burned; at least, they were not found.

On the following Wednesday the preacher called on Tippitywitchett, and she promised to play the organ and sing as long as we stayed in the town. On the next Sunday the church was crowded, jammed, crammed full. The dear old gentleman preached about David, dancing before the Lord. In his sermon he said that he wanted to correct some errors that might have arisen concerning his previous sabbath's discourse. He had not then meant to convey that *all* actors were necessarily bad; "indeed," he said, "there are worse places than the theatre in which people can spend an evening."

IV.

You would think the rest of the Aggregation would be jealous of Tippitywitchett? Not a bit of it.

She captivated the women as well as the men, and they all gloried in her successes.

I soon observed that all my people played better. At first I thought it was because they were stimulated by the large houses, but I soon found out the real reason. Tippiittywitchett took each one in hand secretly, and taught this one new steps, that one new songs, and all of them better conduct in every way. And she never let any of the others find out that she had instructed any but her or himself.

Saturday nights she used to give "receptions" in her room. You cannot imagine how amusing they were. She made all of us feel that each was doing something.

She used to make the coffee; and such coffee! I had to toast the bread; Belle Rocker grated the cheese, and beat it up with milk and eggs until it was as light as foam—Tippiittywitchett taught her, as she did the rest. Jimmy Connover, our "Neat-wing dancer," heated the plates, and Professor Alexandre appointed himself bar-keeper—he uncorked the beer.

Then we had our rare-bits and beer and coffee, and we talked and smoked, and told stories until midnight. As soon as the clock struck, Tippiittywitchett would spring up and, with a sweet smile all around, say: "Sunday, children; off to bed with you." And we went.

No matter what that girl said or did, it was always in a most cultured, lady-like way. Why, she could sit on a table and swing her legs—feet, I mean, without even the slightest impropriety.

No, you are mistaken. I was *not* in love with her; even had I been, I could not have glorified vulgarity or coarseness; but nothing she did ever was vulgar or coarse.

She never lost her temper. I thought she would, though, one Saturday night.

We had finished our rare-bit, and Alexandre, who had been drinking, staggered

over to where Tippiittywitchett stood, bidding us good night.

"Tippitty, my dear," he said.

"Tippiittywitchett," she corrected him, most determinedly.

"All right then, Tippiittywitchett," he acquiesced, with a drunken leer.

Before I could interfere he had her in his arms. Like an eel she was free from his embrace, and as he approached her again, she dealt him a stinging blow with her little clenched fist.

It was no slap, but a blow, straight from the shoulder. He reeled, and then fell. I believe we would have jumped on him, and kicked his head off, had Tippiittywitchett not placed herself before him.

She helped him rise. The blow had sobered him. His eye was swelling, and quickly growing discoloured. Without a

word of reproof she guided him to a chair, and going to her trunk, brought out a fine, sharp pen-knife. With it she pricked the skin all round Alexandre's eye, and let the blood ooze out.

When she finished, he arose, made her a respectful bow, and said: "Good-night, and thank you, Tippiittywitchett."

"Not at all, Professor," she said cheerily, as one does after having performed a duty. "You might apply hot water for an hour or so, to ensure that it will not be black

to-morrow. Good-night."

Although Alexandre was not liked by the rest of the company, and I did not blame them, not one of them showed the slightest particle of exultation over his misadventure. Tippiittywitchett treated him as affably as if nothing had occurred, and, I tell you, it was astonishing to see how that man changed. Why, he even stopped drinking, saved money, and sent it home to his wife and children.

Of course, Tippiittywitchett, took a hand in the management too, and her advice was always good.



A SATURDAY RECEPTION.

You see, commercial travellers came to Marsboro, and they saw her. Of course they talked. Then newspapers sent correspondents to see the wonder, and the result was that, whereas I formerly had difficulty in making dates, the owners of houses telegraphed me offering them.

Instead of six nights, we stayed six weeks in Marsboro, and then I followed Tippittywitchett's advice and struck out for Cincinnatti.

There we engaged a full band, but kept poor old Schaffenhauser, who used to maul the piano for us. We, that is Tippittywitchett and I, did not have the heart to discharge, or even pension

him; it would have hurt his feelings. He was a good pianist, too. So Tippittywitchett had me run in a piano solo of popular airs, accompanied by the whole orchestra of sixteen pieces. We rigged out the old man in a swallow-tail and all the trimmings, and I tell you, he was happy when he went on.

But one night he fell ill and could not play. I went to the front and filled time by an apology for him.

What did the audience do but scream: "Tippittywitchett!"

There was no help for it; she had to come out. I wondered what she was going to do. And what do you think she did? Why—just nodded to the leader, ever so slightly, sat down at the piano, and played old Schaffenhauser's pieces, exactly as he did. I was astonished.

After the show I went to see the poor old fellow. My, how his hand burned, and how he coughed! The doctor we had

sent for had just got through with him. I saw by his manner that he had little or no hope for the old man.

"Oh, dat's you, Mr. Schmit?" he asked. "So goot af you to come."

"Not at all, Mr. Schaffenhauser," I answered. "But the doctor says you must not talk."

"Vell, dat's all right, I von't talk," he gasped. "But shust tell me vun ding. How did you my nummer fill?"

"That was all right, old man. Tippittywitchett played your pieces, and played them just like you do."

"Ish dat so?" he said, with a pleased smile.

"Und didn't she nothing else play?"

"Not a thing, although the audience howled for more."

"She's a aintchell."

Just then the door opened slightly. We had not heard Tippittywitchett's soft knock.

"Ach, dat's you?" said the old man, when he felt her soft, little hand on his brow. "Du süsser, guter Engel, Du."

"Papa Schaffenhauser," she said, ever so gently, "I just met the doctor, and

he says I must keep you quiet. I'm to be your nurse, you know."

"Du süsser, guter Engel, Du."

"Now, keep still, papa Schaffenhauser. There, the pillow is nice and smooth now. Here, let me button your collar. And these coverlets must be kept down, and your hair must be brushed back; so. Now, papa Schaffenhauser, you must be a good boy and obey your nurse, or she will run away."

"Du süsser, guter Engel, Du." His voice was very hollow.

Tippittywitchett did not take it as a



A BLOW FROM THE SHOULDER.

compliment that he persisted in calling her a sweet, good angel. But, as quickly as I, she saw what was coming.

She seated herself at his bedside, held one of his hands, and with the other stroked and caressed his thin, white hair, as she sang, oh, so softly:—

“Gute Nacht, schlafe wohl,
Und schliess’ die blauen Äuglein zu,
Gute Nacht, schlafe wohl—
Du süßer, guter Engel, Du.”

The lullaby so sweetly sung, his favourite melody, must have been the cause of the smile of happiness that was on his dead face.

Tippittywitchett clasped his hands upon his breast, placed in them some flowers she had in her bosom, and sank on her knees at his bedside.

After she had prayed for awhile, she arose and made the room presentable. She did not say a word to me, but somehow or other made me guess what she wanted me to do. I helped her with the heavy things, and really—if I had been in love with her—which I tell you I was not, I would have been jealous of poor old dead Schaffenhauser.

That was Friday. On Sunday we had the funeral, and Tippittywitchett played the organ. As we carried him out of the church, she tuned up, just as softly as she had sung it, “Du süßer, guter Engel, Du.”

Hey! what? Oh, excuse me, but when ever I think of that song, the whole scene comes back to me, and it makes me forget everything around me.

What was it you said? Oh, yes! that you did not know I understood German. Well I don’t, but I could understand anything *she* said and did. Everybody understood her.

V.

Well, of course, you know, it will not do for us show people to go into long mourning; audiences want to be amused, and so, when we went on again, we tried not to think of our poor old Schaffenhauser.



“GOOD-NIGHT.”

Business continued good. We were raking in the dollars hand over fist, though we doubled our prices.

Tippittywitchett always helped the success along. One evening she got off a thing that was immense.

They were calling her out for the fourth time, when she took the speaking tube and blew in it for several seconds before she could make the leader hear, the din was so great. Then she gave her orders:

“Play ‘Annie Rooney,’ *fortissimo* till I come on; then continue *pianissimo*, but stop short at the last line. Don’t play ‘Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.’”

The band struck up a terrible blare. As soon as the audience heard the tune, they began to shout: “Ah! bah! stop it. Play music.”

I wondered what Tippittywitchett was going to do with that terrible chestnut. But I did not have to wonder long.

Suddenly the band dropped to *pianissimo*, as Tippittywitchett wafted herself from l.u.c.

You could hardly hear the music, and you could certainly not hear her steps. Did she dance like a fairy? I tell you, no fairy ever danced like that. I can only say that she danced better than ever before. Down, down, to the time of the music, she whirled and twirled till she reached the centre of the footlights, just as the band stopped dead at the last line.

Tippittywitchett stood stock still, extended both her little hands, and beat time, while the entire audience, just as if they

had gone off their nuts, jumped to their feet and screamed :

"Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart."

It seemed to me as if the roof would come off. I tell you, it was an ovation. She bowed herself back and off. I tell you, the audience was electrified, magnetized, hypnotized, or whatever you may call it.; they yelled and applauded—she had to go on again to bow her acknowledgment.

And what do you think the little sprite did? Why, she grasped my hand and pulled me on with her, and as the house rang with plaudits, she bowed and pointed to me, giving me the credit for the gag. It was just like her, the sweet little thing.

The next morning all the Cincinnati papers were full of it. That same night five big burglaries took place, and one fire, that looked like an incendiary, for the purpose of robbing; but only mere notes were made of them by the papers. They could not spare space for hardly anything but Tippiittywitchett.

And so it went on for the six months. Other managers tried to get her, but it was a clear case of "no go." She was too honourable to break her word.

Now, I will tell you what a good woman she was; yes, a really true woman.

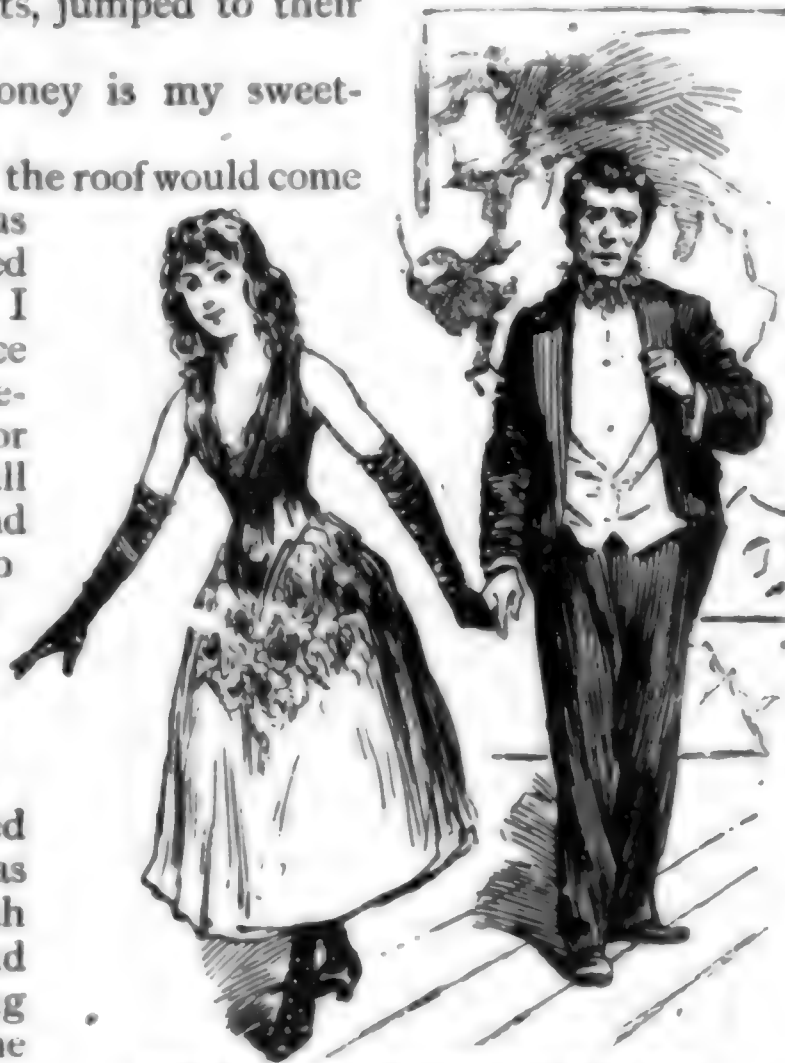
As you can imagine, her beauty got all kinds of fellows after her, but she never encouraged them, even by a glance.

One night a little envelope dropped out of one of the bouquets that were thrown at her feet. She picked it up, and I saw from the side that a hundred dollar bank-note was sticking out of it.

Her eyes flashed; her bosom heaved, and I saw how pale she grew under the make-up. I tell you she was a heavenly picture of indignation.

She tore open the envelope, and took from it a card. I thought the blood would spurt from her lips, she bit them so hard. There was a dead silence in the audience.

Tippiittywitchett seemed to struggle with herself for a moment, then she approached



SHE GAVE ME THE CREDIT FOR THE GAG.

the foot-lights, and, in a clear voice, asked :

"Is any officer of the Charity Aid Society here?"

"Yes, miss," answered a gentleman in the orchestra circle.

"A kind friend," she said, "has asked me to hand to the Charity Aid Society this hundred dollar bill."

Amidst thunders of applause she bowed herself off.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she sobbed, as soon as she reached me, "how have I deserved this affront?"

On the card was written: "Take this hundred as an evidence of my ability to give you as much more as you want, sweet Tippiitty-

witchett, and tell me when I may call and find you alone." The scoundrel who signed it was a rich man.

I consoled her as best I could; but I tell you she wept as if her heart would break.

The next morning I went to look for the dog. He had left town in a hurry. That was good for him, as I would have punched him to a jelly, if I had caught him.

What curs there are in this world, and what decent fellows there are in lower walks of life. Well, yes, I guess I am a fair specimen. I cannot help that I was born in the show business, and that my parents were show people. They were mighty respectable show people, too, and I try to be the same; only I think I am a little more ambitious, perhaps, because I am more like my mother. She was a great reader, and so am I; and if I sometimes use words a little differently from their meaning, you must remember that mother died when I was very young, and I had no one else to help me give myself an education.

No one? Oh yes, I had Tippiittywitchett. I shall never forget a sort of literary lecture she gave me one day on her favourite author. I tell you it was great. And the ideas she expressed were original, too, just like everything else she said and did. She held that Dickens was not correctly treated by people who turned up their noses at him only because he did not

write about dukes and earls, and high rollers of that stripe. I really think I agree with her in the idea that writers go out of their sphere for subjects of illustration.

I dare say that gentlemen of culture and refinement were every-day mortals to Dickens, and therefore he found nothing extraordinary in them; but when he found real gentlemen at heart among the lower classes, they struck him as—well, we show people would call them—"freaks." But to people accustomed to give themselves airs, these freaks are very ordinary characters, not worth reading about. Do you catch the idea? I cannot spread it as Tippittywitchett did; but I bought a whole set of Dicken's works, and have read every one of them. Of course, they are not classics; and I am glad of it, because all the books that have been mentioned to me as classics are dreadfully tedious.

But say, am I not getting classical? I guess I'd better go on telling you about Tippittywitchett.

VI.

The next, day after that episode with the hundred dollars, I was sitting in my parlour in the hotel with Tippittywitchett. We were arranging the bill for the coming week.

One of the bell-boys came in with a card, and handed it to Tippittywitchett.

She glanced at it, and fell back into her chair convulsed with laughter. And when she laughed, I tell you, it was enough to make the cobble stones leap for joy. It was one of that kind of laugh that is all music and poetry; it brought to mind the brightest of bright spring days, when the rivulets purl, and the young leaves whisper, and all nature seems to want to frisk, and it does frisk.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she laughed, "just look at this; is it not too funny?"

She handed me the card:—

MR. JIM CONNOVER,
CHAMPION NEAT-WING DAKKER,
With Smith's All Star Aggregation.

"Ask the gentleman in, please," she said to the grinning boy.

A moment later, Jim entered. He was "dressed." To say he looked ridiculous is no adjective for it. Or, it is an adverb?

Well, when he was in his black tights, on the stage, he appeared respectable; but now he suggested the butcher-boy in his Sunday clothes.

Everything he had on was perfectly new, down to his red kid gloves. But he did not give us much time for observation.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "I come to have a talk with Tippittywitchett; but I don't mind if you stay, as I'm not a bit ashamed of it."

"Jim," I said, "I know you would not say or do anything to offend the young lady——"

"You're on to me like a thousand of brick, Mr. Smith, old boy," he said cordially. Then he addressed the young lady:

"Tippittywitchett, you'll excuse me for mentioning it, but that hundred dollar bill of last night sticks in me craw. I'd like to get onto that feller's neck—oh, just once?" Jim clenched his fist so hard that his glove burst.

"Tippittywitchett, I was raised in the Fourth Ward, and they used to call us all toughs. Well, maybe we ain't none of your Sunday-school sons-of-guns, or good little boys that dies young. No, I chew ter-backer; but I ain't got no other vices. Mr. Smith, ain't I givin' it to her straight? Well, since I've been with the Aggregation, Mr. Smith made a

gentleman of me, and you finished the job. See?

"Now, Tippittywitchett, I ain't ashamed to own that I'm mashed on you. I got it bad, and I just want to say this: as long as you run around alone, there'll be other sons-of-guns that will fling notes and insults at you. If you'll be Mrs. Jim Connover, I won't have to lay awake worrying about you, and nobody will dare look cross-eyed at you. See?"

"Now, Tippittywitchett, don't be afraid to



BELLE ROCKER.

say yes nor no. I'll come out at the nineteenth round smilin', no matter if I am worsted. But if it's yes, and you're willin' to be the honourable wife of a square, honest man — why, I'll know what I'm dancing for."

"Will you not be seated, Jim?" Tippittywitchett asked. I presume she was gathering her thoughts.

"Thanks, I will," answered Jim, as he mopped his face with a huge, purple silk handkerchief.

"Now, Tippittywitchett, don't give me any guff about bein' a sister to me. That's rank, so rank, the newspaper paragraphers are doin' it. No; slap it right out."

"Well Jim," said Tippittywitchett, "I must tell you first, that an offer of marriage is the greatest compliment an honest man can pay a woman, and for an honest woman, it is very difficult to refuse."

"So you re-fuse, do yer; speak right out," said Jim.

"I must, Jim. You would not want a wife who does not love you?"

"No, that's so," Jim observed. "That's so. I never thought of that."

"Well then, I need not give you any other reason for declining the honour."

"No, I guess not; I guess not," he said sadly. He remained meditative for a little while, and then said:

"Say Tippittywitchett; there's no good kickin' when a feller gets left. I own up that this is a cold day for me; but say, give it to me straight, will yer, yer ain't goin' to get on yer ear about this, are yer? If yer do, ye'll break me all up, yer will."

"Why Jim," she said reprovingly, "get angry at you, my good friend? Here's my hand, Jim."

He took it in his red paw as if he were afraid to touch her.

"Tippittywitchett," he said, very seriously, "you give me the grand bounce. The bounce is all right. But you give it to me like a lady. Now hear me shout; if ever you want a friend that'll fight for you, I'm yours truly, Jimmy Connover, champion neat-wing dancer."

He released her hand, walked to the door, turned to us, and fluted his hat to his head. "Over the river," he said, very sadly.

"*Au revoir*," answered Tippittywitchett.

After he was gone, she said to me in a dreamy way: "Mr. Smith, do you know, I sometimes wish I could marry a man like that."

"No you don't," I answered. I felt tempted to ask: "How would I do?" But of course, I would not ask that, because you know I was never in love with her; and, if I were, what good would it have done me?

An odd thing I noticed in Tippittywitchett about that time. Whenever we were alone her great big eyes would look at me in such a peculiar way, I could not understand it.

They looked sad, and, at the same time, as if yearning to say something. First I was inclined to encourage her to talk, but then I made up my mind it would be indelicate to intrude upon her thoughts; and, God knows, I could not be rude to that angel.

VII.

Will you have a fresh cigar? No? Well, I'll light another. It seems to me that I have to smoke all the time now, since—since—well, never mind.

You're right, this is a nice watch. I may as well tell you how I got it.

It — was — the — last — night — the last night, I saw Tippittywitchett.

Those magnificent eyes of hers were swimming. No, no, please don't open the back of the watch. I cannot bear it; a photograph—her's.

Yes, it is a very handsome watch, and I started to tell you how I got it.

Well, *encores*, of course, we expected, and particularly as it was our last performance in New York. The Metropolitan was full; there was every cent of five thousand dollars in the house.

Tippittywitchett had just done her last *encore*, and, as usual, they were howling for more. Then there was silence for a moment, and I did not hear what she said to the audience.

But a second later they began howling: "Smith, Smith, Hamilton Smith!"

Alexandre said they meant me, and then he and Jim pushed me on.

"Smith!" yelled the audience. I tried to slide back, but they would not have it.

"Ah, there, Smith; stay there, Smith!" they screamed. I wondered what it was all about.

Tippittywitchett stepped forward, and put out her hands. Everybody was still.

"You bad children," she said; "if you don't behave, I will read you the Riot Act."

Then she turned to me. Her face twitched ; the corners of her pretty mouth trembled. I forgot all about being on ; I started for the poor child—I don't know why. But she stopped me.

"Mr. Smith," she said; her voice quivered just like a girl's with a bad case of stage-fright. "Mr. Smith, it is six months to-day since we started on the new tour. The success of the All Star Aggregation is owing to your careful, wise management. You have ingratiated yourself with the public—has he not?"

"Yes, yes," shouted the audience, "go on, Tippittywitchett."

"And your kindness has made every member of your company lo—like you very much indeed."

How she blushed when she said that.

"To show our appreciation, we have prepared a little surprise for you; take it as an evidence of our esteem, and whenever you look at it, remember that for all time we shall cherish the most cordial feelings—"

She broke down. Fortunately someone yelled: "Hurrah for Smith!" Men, women and children, from orchestra circle to the gallery, jumped on their seats, waved their hats and handkerchiefs and yelled: "Hurrah for Smith!" while the band tried hard to make itself heard playing: "For he is a jolly good fellow."

They kept that up for I don't know how long. I was dizzy. I thought I was dreaming.

I was trying to think what to say, but I could not keep my eyes off that beautiful watch—and the giver.

Tippittywitchett, with rare forethought, had prepared for this. Before I knew what

was going on, the entire Aggregation was around me, each one in evening dress, all doing a new dance, composed by Tippittywitchett, to the music of "He is a jolly good fellow."

At the end of the second verse, she pirouetted over to me, linked her arm in mine, and handed me the bell.

Of course, I could not do anything but ring down the curtain.

I *must* have been crazy—I know I must, for I grasped her, and kissed her beautiful lips. She clasped her arms about me, held me for an instant, and I felt her tears run down my cheeks.

Then she seemed to do violence to her feelings by

forcing herself from me.

Holding my hands firmly she looked up to me, her eyesswim-

ming in tears.

"Mr. Smith," she sobbed, "try always to think well of me, will you not? Please do."

I could not say a word, and when I found my voice, she was gone. I shall never forget that night. Other people remember it, too, but to their sorrow, for it was the night the Chemical Bank was robbed. Recol-

lect it, do you not? Well, it was that same night.

The next day the papers mentioned the robbery in half a column, but gave at least two columns to the scene at the theatre. The Associated Press papers headed their article: "Manager Smith needed watching. How Tippittywitchett did it."

VIII.

How did it all end? Ah, well—it was pretty hard, but as Heaven is above me,



I know she was sinned against, not sinning.

When I got up that Sunday morning, I found a letter from her. Here it is. I had this case made for it, lest it should get soiled in my pocket.

I'll read it to you :—

"My dear, dear, dear Mr. Smith : With your eyes you promised that you would look leniently upon me, so I have less dread of making the confession that is due to you now, as we shall never meet again.

"First, I must tell you that I am a married woman ; married to a handsome, intellectual, highly educated, brave outlaw. In a measure, I was my husband's accomplice. My part of the work was to attract attention to such an extent as to oblige the authorities to concentrate the police and detectives about the principal theatres ; then my husband and his assistants would attend to the business with increased safety. You must recall our biggest nights were always attended by a great burglary. Well, you now know the reason.

"This, however, is not the worst part of my confession, for my husband robbed the rich only ; that is to say, he reduced

the surplus of the robbers. No poor man ever suffered through us.

"But the shameful confession I must make—I hope it will not cause you as much pain as it gives me—I could not remain longer with you, my *dear* Mr. Smith, because I was growing to like you too much — I admired your sturdy, honest character, I felt my admiration developing into love.

"My dear Mr. Smith, do look leniently upon me. I could not help liking you very, very, much.

"Good-bye, good-bye—

"TIPPITTYWITCHETT."

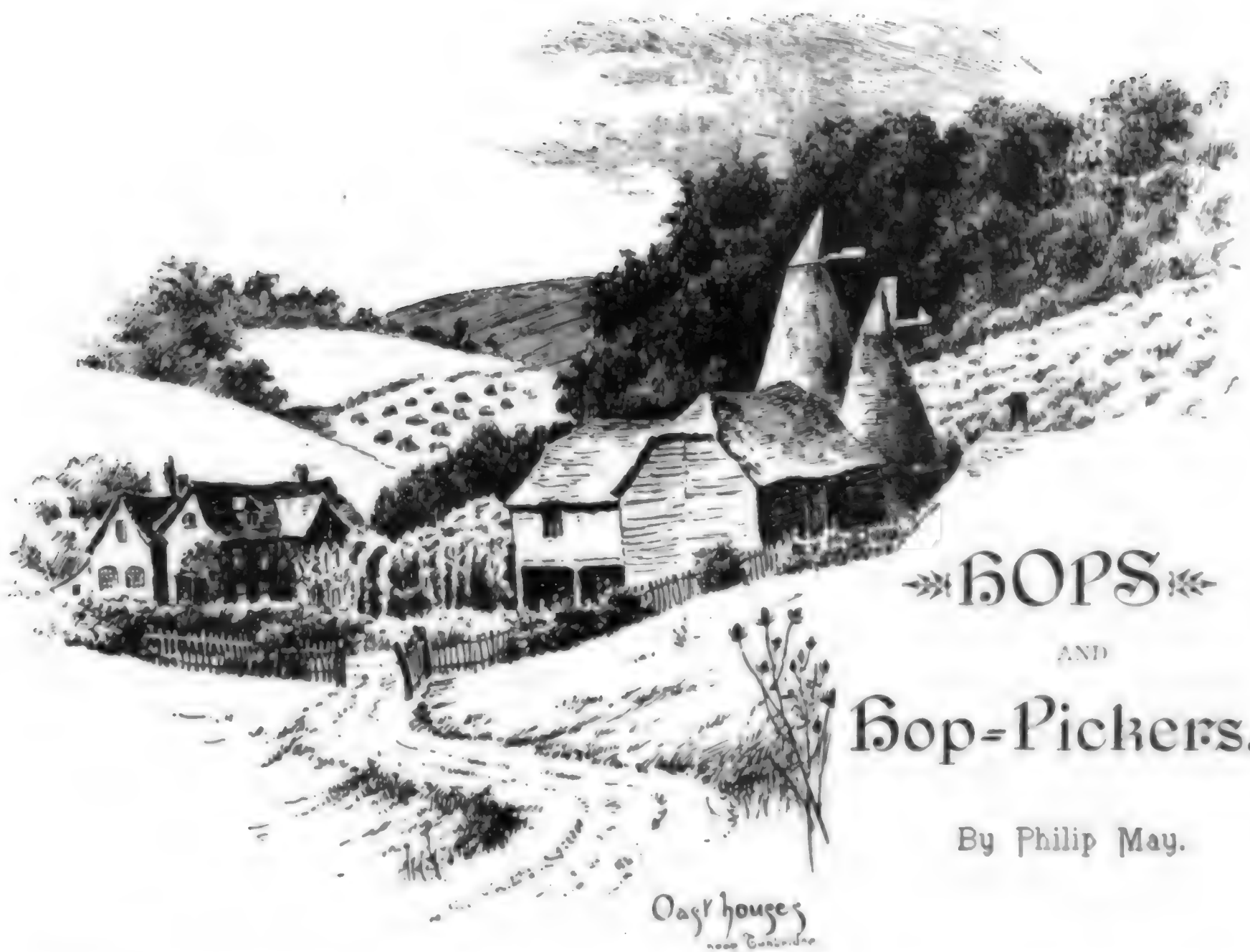
Hey, What ? These tears ? You must be sick ; these are not tears. This

cigar—the smoke—makes my eyes — eh — makes my eyes—perspire, yes, it makes my eyes perspire. Yes, and it dries my throat, that's why my voice is so husky. I will have to get another brand of cigars. I always notice that these have that peculiar effect.

But, I don't believe that she was a burglar's accomplice. Something else was behind it. I tell you, Tippittywitchett was a lady ; God bless and protect her.



TRY TO THINK WELL OF ME," SHE SAID.



—HOPS—

AND

Hop-Pickers.

By Philip May.

Oast houses
near Canterbury

HOP Gardens are a pretty sight in the spring, when women are employed tying up the main bines, so that they may coil upwards around the poles; still prettier, when the waving crests and twining tendrils have appeared, and the sun shines in its summer glory; and, best sight of all, when the great army of labour sweeps down upon them in the luxuriant beauty of their autumnal perfection.

Hop-picking is to thousands a recreation, rather than a labour; and the majority of those who pass September in the hop-gardens, find this the happiest month in the whole year. The dweller in the slums enjoys the change of air and scene; the docker has a month's fun after eleven months' hard labour; and the ragged tramp, who seldom, if ever, earns an honest penny at any other season, goes "a-hopping," and spends what he earns on cheap beer, in brewing which, injurious substitutes are generally used instead of hops.

The hop gardens nearest to London attract the less reputable portion of the community, who tramp down to save the railway fare, though the southern lines run

special trains for the "hoppers," at much reduced rates.

The procession of tramps is a long one that sets out every morning at break of day, when the hopping season begins; and many that pass along on foot towards the hop gardens, come from the common lodging houses, the casual wards, and the gaols. The faces of the men are repulsive, the women look old before their time, and the children seem weak and sad; and as they go by, many a coarse taunt and coarser oath is uttered.

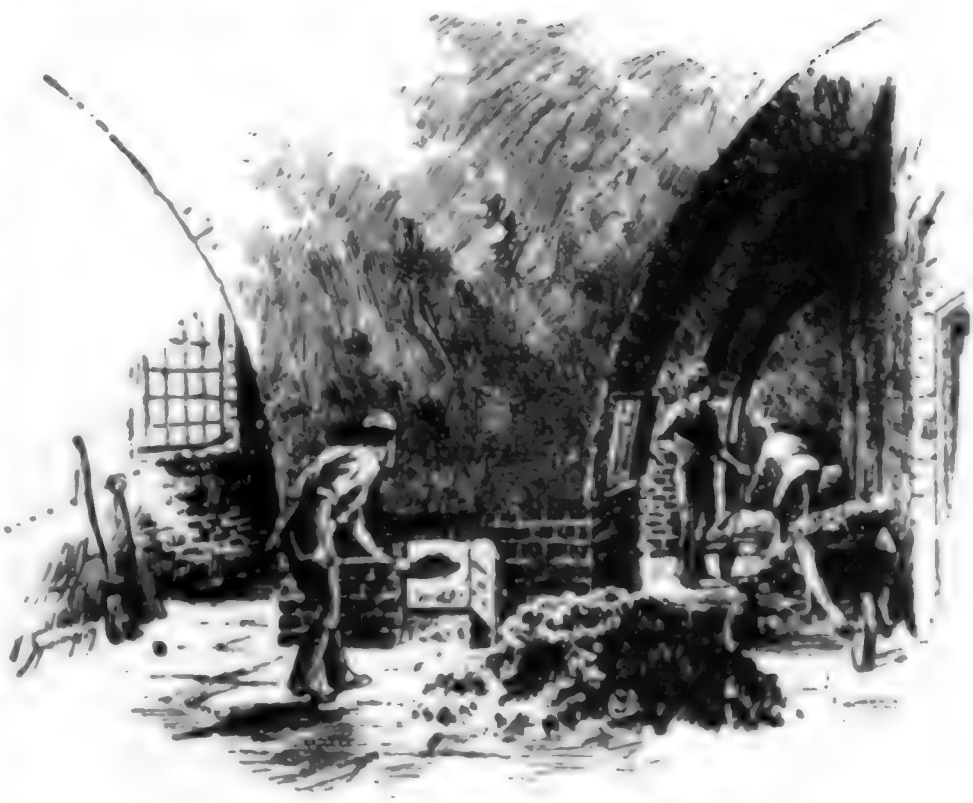
Let us, however, go further afield, taking the early morning train. Nearly all the passengers are carrying bundles done up in coloured handkerchiefs, and here and there a potato sack is utilized as a portmanteau; the men and women have not by any means a prosperous appearance, and the numerous children are cross, because they have not had a proper night's rest; but there is an evident determination to make the best of things, and a general fear that some one who is late will be left behind.

At last the train is off, and I find that both the tobacco and the language used is rather strong; but though most of my

fellow-passengers have had no sleep, they all seem in the best of tempers.

The carriage is quite full, and with a crowd that is indeed strange to me. I endeavour to introduce myself, and make them feel less antagonistic to myself; but the denizen of the slums has a horror of a black coat, and does not take kindly to the wearer. Still, as I have plenty of matches and tobacco, I do not despair; and though the contents of my pouch is voted weak stuff, and only fit for a gentleman or a baby, my matches are constantly in request, and they serve as a passport to the goodwill of the smokers.

Then those in my compartment of the old-fashioned third class railway



THE FURNACES.

carriage, with its low divisions, chat away at their ease.

Everyone has been looking forward to the hopping season for weeks or months, and everyone is glad that it has come at last.

The city clerks and others, who have taken a holiday in July or August, have come back with all their high spirits washed out of them by the long continued rains; but September has started well, and some say that the fine weather will last, whilst others think that for them there is no such luck in store.

It is truly wonderful how all classes of men start conversation about the weather, and then pass on to the more weighty and interesting topic of finance.

Everyone, except myself, seems to know what kind of a crop there is in each neighbourhood, and what sort of a "tally" the different farmers are likely to pay this year.

One of the hoppers, who deigns to smoke my tobacco, pitying my ignorance, is good enough to explain to me that a "tally" is the price paid for picking a bushel, and that this varies between three half-pence and two pence half-penny.

It seemed a long journey to Tunbridge by the



"hoppers' special," but it did come to an end at last; and then I started to tramp from the station to what my companion said was one of the best managed of the hop gardens in Kent.

My companion was the most respectable in appearance of all my fellow passengers; and, in a confidential mood and wayside inn, he confided to me that he was not an ordinary "hopper," but a journeyman tailor out for a holiday.

The farmer we were going to, he explained, was one of the good old sort, who believed in conviviality and making his visitors comfortable; and though he only paid the very lowest "tally," still, the dancing the suppers, and the better sleeping accommodation than provided elsewhere, attracted, my companion assured me, all the youth, beauty, and talent of the metropolis and south of England.

A tramp of about six miles brought us to our destination, and we arrived in time to see work begin.

The sun had not long risen, and the day was bright. The sky in the east was red, tipped with gold; above us the misty grey was gradually becoming a glorious blue; on the hill-side the golden corn was here gathered into sheaves, and there in the distance, where uncut, seemed almost white as snow; and the clumps of trees, the leaves of which had all the varied hues of autumn, lent pleasing variety and grateful shadows to the scene.

But whilst I was admiring the view, my fellow-traveller had gone to work, and the

farmer came up and disturbed my reverie. I introduced myself, and he at once gave me permission to see all that was to be seen on his farm. Hops, he said, were a speculation; and a field that brought in a clear hundred one season would not perhaps in the next be worth the cost of picking and drying. There were the gales, and heavy rains followed by bright sunshine, to be feared; and, worse than all, hops did not command the price they should, because the poor souls all around, who liked a drop

of good beer and deserved it, were being poisoned by the brewers, who used cheap and nasty chemicals as substitutes for hops.

I found the pickers busy, and the aroma from the hops almost too strong. Many voices were chattering, and the farmer's sons were going round, keeping the pickers at work. It was quite a select company of "hoppers," I ascertained; and they came quite as much for the fun as for the profit. People who wanted to



A BOY AND GIRL WERE WORKING FOR AN INVALID MOTHER.

make money went on to the next farm, where the pay was better; but I was amongst old-fashioned folks, who kept up the hopping as their grandfathers did, making merry, and giving little metal tokens for each odd bushel picked, and larger tokens for each dozen. The "Truck Act" was not known apparently, for these tokens were given up for dinner provided by the farmer, when at mid-day the cry of "No more poles" called the pickers from their labour; and I was told that no one, except the cottagers, made



A HOP GARDEN NEAR CANTERBURY.

much by the hopping. They let their rooms at high prices to the hop-pickers who were not content with the camp accommodation provided by the farmer ; and what they received for picking, they did not spend at the farm.

The most striking character was a cheerful old woman who said that she had been a picker for sixty seasons, and certainly looked as if she might reasonably hope to enjoy another forty. She had found a husband and two sons-in-law in this hop-garden, she told me ; and she wouldn't go anywhere else, even for three times the "tally." She couldn't pick many bushels, she couldn't ; about a dozen bushels, more or less, but certainly not more.

What was a fair day's work ? Well, her

man, who rested in God's acre, could pick two dozen bushel in his best time ; but the young folks now-a-days weren't like him, and didn't go much above eighteen.

There was plenty of laughing and singing and flirting ; for every here and there a giddy girl and a bold youth were pulling at the same hop-pole, or stooping over the same bin.

Looking on at the work, chatting with the workers, and now and again helping some of those who seemed most in need, the day quickly passed ; and when the sun set, the cry of "No more poles" resounded, and the day's work was done.

After supper comic songs, music—chiefly of the concertina description—dancing, skipping,

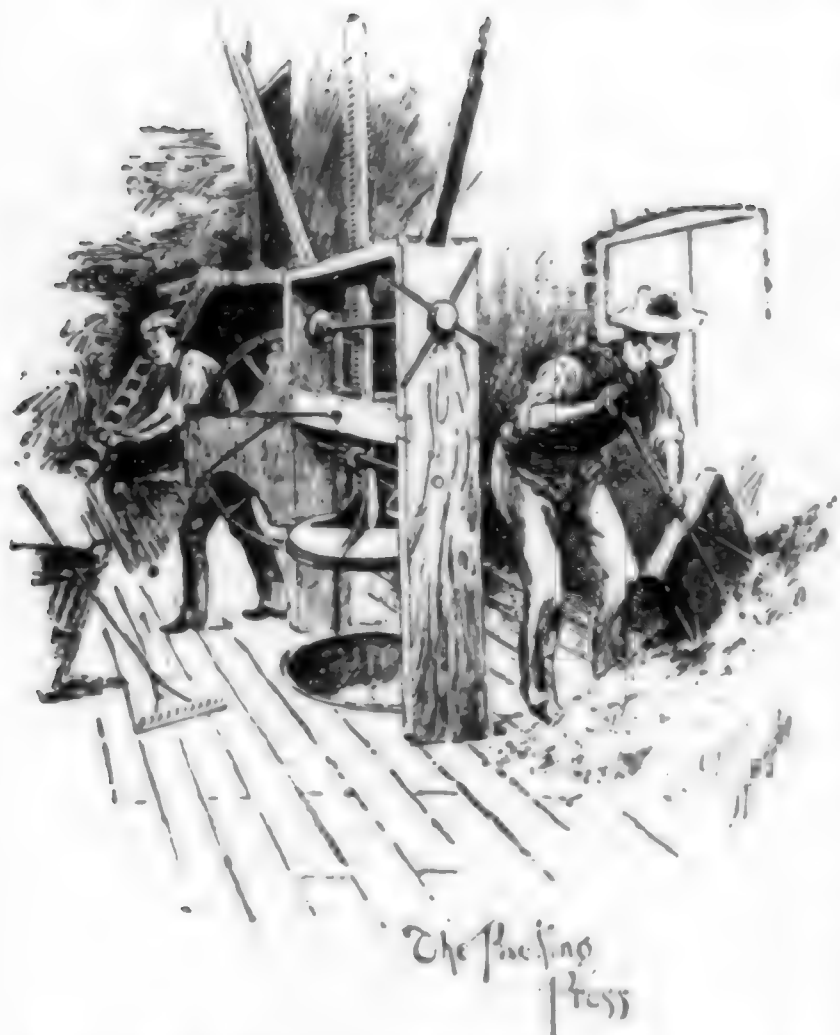
kiss-in-the-ring, hunt the slipper, and other games, went on for some hours ; but the hop-pickers were generally well-behaved, and there was no drunkenness.

Upon this farm of the old kind, of which few, if any others, remain, the hopping season is a sort of carnival, where plenty of fun of rather a rough kind is to be had at the cost of a little labour ; and I found next day quite another scene at the nearest hop-garden.

Here, men, women, and children, were working hard to earn a good day's wage. A boy and girl attracted my attention, who seemed to give themselves no rest ; and they told me that they had an invalid mother, who could do nothing for a living, and that only their earnings could save her



A SURREY HOP GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.



from the workhouse through the long winter. There was not much talking and little fun ; for even little mites were climbing up on the edges of the bins or stretching up their little arms to pick the lower clusters. Behind them all, were the poles with the leaves and broken tendrils ; and before them, yet ungathered, the plantation of hop vines, to destroy which maliciously, Blackstone tells us, was once felony without benefit of clergy.

Cart-loads of hops are taken, night and morning, to the oast-houses, where men of experience are engaged in seeing the hops properly dried. This must be done soon after the hops are picked, or they will spoil ; and it is said that upon the process of drying, the quality of the crop depends to a very considerable extent. The fires in the small brick stoves, of which there are about half-a-dozen in each kiln, are never let out during the hopping season ; charcoal and anthracite coal are burned, so that there shall be no smoke to injure the hops, which are spread out above on a coarse hair cloth ; and when one load has been dried, and pressed into large sacks, known as "pockets," another load is ready.

The process of drying and packing takes nearly twelve hours ; and as

the work never stops, two loads are dried, packed, and despatched in a day from each oast house.

The heat of the furnaces is almost unbearable ; and when a visitor ascends to where the hops are being dried, he finds the aroma so strong that breathing becomes difficult.

There was a time when men threw the dried hops into sacks, and pressed them down with their hands or feet ; but now the packing-press is in general use, and does the required work well.

Everyone works well, too ; so the days pass quickly, and September hastens away, and the townsmen return home to indoor work, fogs, and wintry weather. The winter is a dreary time to the poor, and even Christmas brings to them little rejoicing, for it is cold, and firing is dear ; but the summer, in due course, will come again ; and there is nothing better than a glass of good ale, flavoured with hops, to keep up one's spirits, except a contented mind and a trust in Providence.



THEOSOPHY

BY MRS ANNIE BESANT.



“**W**HAT is Theosophy?” is a question now heard in the air on all sides, in study and hall, in train and tram, from old and young. Only a poor and insufficient answer can be given to such a question within the limits of a brief paper, but one can nevertheless roughly outline a reply, which may perchance lead one here and one there to seek fuller knowledge through patient study. No philosophy, no science, worthy the name, can be mastered without strenuous and sustained intellectual effort, and Theosophy, on its philosophical and scientific side, will certainly not attract those who, to borrow a phrase from Madame Blavatsky, want us “to run a Pullman car for them across the Himalayas.”

The word “Theosophy” is not a happy name for the body of knowledge to which it is attached. It is of modern origin, being adopted in the third century A.D. by Ammonius Saccas and his followers, as signifying “the wisdom of the gods,” *i.e.*, universal wisdom, embracing the knowledge of the universe in all its parts, knowledge not restricted to the physical, the sensuous, but including the metaphysical and the supersensuous. The “Wisdom Religion,” the “Secret Doctrine,” the “Hidden Wisdom”—these are names by which the teaching labelled Theosophical in Europe has been known in the East these many thousand years; it underlies exoteric Buddhism, it is the hidden foundation of the Vedas, it is the soil into which are struck the roots of all the great sacred scriptures of the world. When Schopenhauer sought some sounder philosophy than he could find in the west, ere he conceived his master-piece on the world as Will and Idea, he turned eastward and found in the Upanishads—themselves but treatises on the Vedas, as the Vedas were but blinds of the Secret Doctrine—sufficient basis for views that have

half revolutionized European thought. It is claimed by Theosophists that from the remotest antiquity there has existed a body of knowledge touching the universe, gathered by sages, and re-verified over and over again by countless experiments, and that this accumulated treasure is in the hands of a Brotherhood who hold it in trust for the service of mankind. This Brotherhood consists of “Initiates,” *i.e.*, of men or women who have proved their knowledge, courage and purity by passing through manifold tests and trials; they are spoken of among the Hindus as “Mahatmas;” among the Buddhists as “Arhats,” or often merely as “Masters” or “Brothers.” In the ancient world the Mysteries—in Egypt and elsewhere—served as gateway of initiation, and all the mightiest thinkers of antiquity were well known as having passed beneath its portals; in modern times the obscurity that has always enveloped the path that leads to initiation has deepened into actual night, and only those who, greatly daring, begin to take “the kingdom of heaven” by violence, catch faint glimmers which render just visible the next foot-hold that lies in front.

The knowledge possessed by these Mahatmas is not regarded by them as a personal possession to be jealously guarded, but as a treasure to be gradually disbursed to mankind at large. Man evolves from age to age, becoming more highly developed as century is added to century; to help him onwards teachers are sent out, generation after generation, who place before him pearls of wisdom, which he accepts or rejects as he is prepared or unprepared for their reception.

And, now, what is a Mahatma? Theosophists believe that man possesses a physical, intellectual, and a spiritual nature, and that his evolution consists in the gradual unfolding and perfecting of the

capacities and functions proper to each. Just as man can develop his physical nature, so, we believe, he can develop his intellectual and spiritual, so that he may, finally, stand perfect in each department of his being, the crown and masterpiece of evolution. The Mahatma is the man who has reached physical, intellectual, and spiritual perfection for this stage of evolution ; he is the type of perfected humanity. Understanding all the forces at work in the solar system, he can control and utilize them, this supremacy over all material energies being gained gradually in the course of his intellectual and spiritual development, as he increases his knowledge, his strength of will, his insight into the universe, and into himself. At no stage of his progress are his powers "supernatural" or "miraculous." Long ere he reaches his goal, he is ahead of his generation, indeed, because his evolution is more rapid than that of the average man, and as the future Mahatma climbs swiftly upwards, life after life, he increases the distance between his knowledge, and that of mankind at large ; he knows and can utilise, for instance, the forces of electricity, of magnetism, etc., long before they become part of the common knowledge of the race, thus appearing a "magician" to the ignorance of the middle ages ; and when he has conquered the realm of nature in which men dwell, has explored and subdued the realms within our solar system, then he has won his place amid the ranks of the first Great Brotherhood, and becomes a Mahatma, or Master. During the many lives of growth which finally have their perfect flower in this ideal manhood, the aspirant has devoted himself to the service of mankind, and has learned to feel for and with all sentient beings. In the instructions to the Chela, or disciple, we read :

"Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

"Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain, before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

"But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart, and there remain, nor ever brush it off, until the pain that caused it is removed."

Only by such service, lovingly and ungrudgingly rendered, it is taught, can the spiritual nature of man be developed, and thus life after life the Chela comes nearer and nearer to the goal. At last he reaches

the point at which knowledge is won, the lower nature conquered, every weakness overcome, and he stands at the end of "the path," perfect in wisdom, purity, and power, "he holdeth life and death in his strong hand." Then is the moment of the "Great Choice." He may pass from earth, away to other realms of Being, to rest in boundless knowledge, perfect calm, supreme satisfaction. Or, he may make "the Great Renunciation," turn back to earth, devote all his powers and his wisdom to the service of mankind, and, receiving no recognition, no gratitude from the race for which he labours, he may live numberless lives on earth, helping forward the evolution of mankind, until the cycle is over, and the whole race reaches the height to which he had climbed millenniums before. If he accomplishes this greatest of all sacrifices, then he becomes a "Master of Compassion," choosing to "remain unselfish till the endless end ;" he becomes a stone in the Guardian Wall which shields mankind, the wall "built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented," and he is one of that Brotherhood which embraces those only who are "self-doomed" to remain as a working part of Humanity, until the race has completed the present cycle of evolution. Such are the Mahatmas, however unworthily limned, and the passionate devotion shown towards them by many Theosophists is but the natural outcome of the gratitude felt for the magnitude of the sacrifice made by them for human progress. It is easy to die for men ; the Mahatmas live for them, and live at that highest point of selflessness, where no recognition is asked for service done.

During the last quarter of each century, a special effort is made by the Mahatmas to impart knowledge to mankind, and to strengthen all the forces that work for the elevation of humanity. It is said that the first seventy-five years of each century are needed for the assimilation of the knowledge placed during the last twenty-five years of the previous century within the reach of men.

Thus the impulse given during the last quarter of the 18th century carried on thought and progress during the 19th, despite the failure of the greater part of the work then attempted, until in 1875 the next effort was made, with Helena Petrovna Blavatsky as messenger, and the Theosophical Society as agency. The Society was founded in November, 1875, in New York,

proclaiming as its first object that which is always nearest to the Masters' hearts, the Universal Brotherhood of man. Its three objects are formulated as follows:—

1. To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour.

2. To promote the study of Aryan, and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies and sciences, and to demonstrate its importance.

3. To investigate unexplained laws of nature, and the psychic powers latent in man.

Anyone who accepts the first object, without reservation, can become a member, and within the ranks of the Society are found persons of all religions, creeds and opinions. The principle of equality is rigidly carried out: all offices in the Society are equally open to men and women; no distinction of rank is recognized — the carpenter is as welcome as the noble. Devotion to the cause and ability to render service are the only claims to distinction, and they who can do most are expected to prove their ability by their service.

This openness of the Society to all, and the courtesy which each is asked to show to his brother's opinions, sometimes give rise to misconceptions, and it is thought that because the Theosophical Society is without creed, therefore "Theosophy" embraces all opinions. This is not so. A man may be a member of the Theosophical Society and be a Buddhist, a Jew, a Christian, a Mohammedan, an Agnostic, or anything else he pleases. But if he becomes a Theosophist, *i.e.*, if he accepts the teachings of Theosophy, then he must recognise that all the exoteric religions are veils of Truth, not Truth, and that very many of their doctrinal

teachings are directly opposed to Theosophy. This will be seen if the reader contrasts what he knows of the various dogmas of the different exoteric religions with the "three fundamental propositions" of the Wisdom-Religion, or Theosophy, laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, as the Messenger from the Brotherhood in whose hands the whole teaching rests. (The student will find them in the "Secret Doctrine," vol. I, p. 14, 16, 17.)

1. An omnipresent, eternal, boundless, and immutable Principle, the Absolute, devoid of all attributes (which belong only to conditioned being), transcending the power of human conception, beyond

the range and reach of thought. It is the one Reality.

2. The eternity of the Universe *in toto*, numberless Universes manifesting and disappearing in periodical succession.

3. The essential identity of the immortal principle in man, and that in the Universe, and the pilgrimage of that Spiritual Intelligence round "the cycle of incarnation" till perfection is reached through experience. It must pass through every form of the phenomenal world and acquire individuality; "the pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit through out a long series of metempsychoses and re-incarnations."

Any teaching which contradicts these "fundamental

propositions," cannot be part of Theosophy, and it is necessary to distinguish clearly between the acceptance of Theosophy and membership in the Theosophical Society.

This made clear, and premising that, in the statements that follow, I am merely putting some of the teachings of this great Wisdom Religion as she laid them down, adding illustrations of my own, I may proceed to sketch an outline of Theosophy.

An aspect of the One Reality, differentiating in space, is the manifested universe.



MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

This exists in seven different stages of manifestation, each stage being marked by its own characteristics, its own attributes, its own forms of living things. Thus our own physical universe, with all its manifold forms of living things, all that we can see and hear and taste and smell and feel, all this is "on the physical plane" in Theosophic parlance. Now man, like the universe to which he belongs, is also builded in sevenfold fashion, each of the seven principles in him being related to the corresponding principle in the universe. By his physical body, with its five senses, he comes into contact with, can investigate, can respond to, the physical universe around him. His consciousness can pass from plane to plane, gathering experience on each, the stage of evolution that he has reached being marked by the power of his consciousness to rise to higher and higher planes. In every man these seven principles exist, but in the average man the higher are still latent, he not having yet evolved to the point at which their activity can commence.

I have spoken above of the physical plane of the universe, and its analogue, the physical body in man. Now, when the body of man is quiescent, and the material organs of the senses are closed to external stimuli, the consciousness of man does not slumber with the physical frame. It passes to what Theosophists call the "astral plane," the plane nearest the physical, but of matter in a condition different from matter as we know it by our ordinary experience. If the consciousness is passing from one plane to another, from the physical to the astral, or *vice versa*, we have the confused, chaotic dream, with which everyone is familiar. When the consciousness is quite on the astral plane we may have the dreams of which most will be able to give instances, dreams which give information as to illness, death, good or ill fortune, etc. In some such dreams the consciousness has visited a place unknown to the sleeper, and has brought back to waking life memory of characteristics of the place, verified on subsequent bodily visit. Again, consciousness may pass to the astral plane in the mesmeric trance, in illness, under the influence of drugs. Or it may go thither, in the case of the natural psychic or sensitive, without losing its hold on physical surroundings. Such people are often clairvoyant or clairaudient without becoming entranced, their consciousness passing easily to and from the astral plane. A very little enquiry will

show that this ability is far more common than is generally supposed, large numbers of people being able to "see on the astral plane," although with very little understanding. The "astral body," or the double of the physical body, is the constituent in man which is related to this plane in the universe. Many of the phenomena ascribed by Spiritualists to the "spirits of the dead," are due to the separation of the medium's astral body from the physical, the medium being a person with a peculiar temperament, or sometimes suffering from disease, conditions which facilitate this separation.

A third plane, which is quite familiar to us in man, is that of the passions and emotions, and anyone can easily convince himself by observation of the workings of consciousness on this plane. With his consciousness on this plane, carried away by furious emotion, a man will become blind to physical danger, deaf to all appeals. He may strike a blow that will kill, whereas "in cold blood," as we say, he may shrink from inflicting pain, and he may do so with no premeditation, no deliberate purpose. Or, moved by a generous sympathy, he may rush through fire and smoke to save a child from death, unconscious of injuries received while the passionate feeling is his master.

Or, again, a man's consciousness may rise to the plane of the ordinary human intelligence, and may be so fixed there, immersed in some intellectual task, that all physical events pass by unheeded, and the emotions and passions are quiescent. On this mental plane the consciousness may work, unimpeded by the lower forms of matter; here mind can communicate with mind, intelligence with intelligence, without coming down to the lower plane and using "material apparatus" for communication. A man may so learn to transfer his consciousness to the higher regions of the mental plane, that he shall be able to build to himself an ethereal body, and throwing the physical body into trance, he can dwell for awhile consciously in this subtler vehicle—his "thought-body," as it is called by Theosophists. By a practical knowledge of the way in which this process is performed, Indian Yogis have puzzled many a worthy Anglo-Indian official, and there are some remarkable stories told by competent and respectable persons as to the "trance" into which Yogis have plunged themselves for considerable spaces of time.

Ordinary men cannot transcend the lower

mental plane, their consciousness ranging from this over the emotional, the astral and the physical. There remain the higher mental and two other planes yet above it, and until these are conquered, and consciousness can range at will over the whole, human evolution remains incomplete. Only by evolving the corresponding principles in himself can man become acquainted with these higher planes as part of the objective universe; at present he can no more reach them than the consciousness of the dog can reach the mental plane on which a Newton works out his mathematical problems.

It goes without saying that this mental and spiritual evolution is a prolonged process; man can no more evolve mentally and morally from the almost brute to the human in one brief life than he could be born physically a Bushman, and grow into the loftiest type of Aryan, ere death lays him low. Nature makes no leaps of this kind in the mental or moral world, any more than she does in the physical, and evolution is a slow and gradual unfolding of all the powers latent in man. Hence, Theosophy lays down the doctrine of Re-incarnation, *i.e.*, the repeated re-clothing of the higher principles of man with successive material bodies. To make this quite clear, I must state what the principles in man are, and divide them into two groups, the permanent, and the transitory:

PERMANENT—The Ray of the Universal "World Soul," its vehicle the Human Spirit, and the Higher Intelligence;
TRANSITORY—The Passional nature, the Vitality, the Astral Double, the Physical Body. Now, the transitory part of man lasts during one incarnation, that is, during one human life; the permanent element persists through the whole cycle of evolution, and the process of evolution consists in the working of this permanent element in the transitory instruments it uses, gradually purifying them and raising them to a nobler type, more adapted for its ends. This process is carried on under inviolable law, each thought and act working out its natural results, cause and effect indissolubly united, the effect being the plant of which the cause is the seed. We speak of this law as "Karma," a Sanscrit word, literally meaning "action," and expressing this unbroken

sequence of cause and effect, each effect becoming in its turn a cause.

I have spoken of the mental plane. Now, we believe that intelligence and will, both aspects of mind, are the creative powers in man as in the universe; not creative in the sense of making something out of nothing, but in the sense of moulding and arranging existing materials into a determined form. We have been taught, and have proved by experiment in some cases, that thoughts have forms on the mental plane; each thought has its own appropriate embodiment in the subtle "mind-stuff" of that ethereal stage of existence. As we think we throw off these thought-forms, and they remain around us, forming the thought atmosphere in which we live and move. The clairvoyant often catches glimpses of this mental progeny of ours in our "aura," the astral atmosphere immediately encircling us and impregnated with our mental and passional emanations. All our life long we are then creating these thought-forms, and we thus build up an image composed of all our thoughts, serious and trivial, pure and impure, noble and base. At death, this thought image does not die, the disintegration of the body affecting it not at all, and it is this thought-image on which is moulded the "Astral Double," of which the physical body is but a replica. In this



MADAME BLAVATSKY.

way we ourselves model the frame that in a subsequent incarnation we inhabit, and the "innate qualities" of each of us, the mental and moral characteristics with which we come into the world, are of our own making. Thus, selfish thoughts continually given forth in one incarnation will re-appear as a selfish tendency in a succeeding birth, and as the artist's fingers shape the plastic clay which is to serve as model for the mould into which the statue will be cast, and each touch leaves its impress on the work, so the artist fingers of our mind shape the plastic medium in which they work, and form the model for the mould in which the future man will be cast.

Here comes in physical heredity, and plays its part in forming the instrument for the incarnating Self. The latter is drawn to the physical matrix most in

accord with the general type of apparatus needed for the future evolution of the individual concerned. Affinity works here as in the rest of the universe, and the re-incarnating Self is as surely drawn towards a suitable environment, as water rises to its own level, or hot air finds its way upwards. The important matter from the ethical standpoint is that each man is the creator of his own character, and that if we desire to have an improved one in our next birth we must set to work to improve it now.

It may be well to note here, to avoid a frequent misconception, that social position, wealth and poverty, count for nothing in this wide reaching view of human life. For growth and evolution, variety of experience is necessary, and the reincarnating Self, with eternity stretching behind it and before it, reckes not of the passing luxury or discomfort of one of its brief earth-lives, if therein some quality is to be acquired, some harvest of experience to be reaped. Poverty is a school in which are taught lessons not elsewhere to be learned, and we may feel sure that those who, under hard stress of circumstances, are leading good and useful lives, have gone thither not for penalty, but for progress. I may venture here to quote words spoken by myself many months ago :—

“In dealing with human life, you must look not only on the surface, but below it. These lives of yours are but moments in the great life through which you pass ; each life but as an hour out of the many years of your pilgrimage through the ages. When you judge of wealth or of poverty, you must measure them in the scales of the eternal life, and not only in those of the transitory present. It may be that those who are most miserable and most poor, whose fate has flung them into some slum of this vast city, may there be expiating only some trifling error, and by the self-denying of their living, by the glory of their charity to their fellows, by that nobility and unselfishness that you find more among the slum dwellers than the palace dwellers, it may be that they are moulding for themselves the most glorious future, and making progress more rapidly than they could dream of in their darkness now. And it may be that some wealthy man or woman, thrown into that position by some event of a previous life, in the selfishness that grows out of comfort, in the isolation that grows out of wealth, may be losing, spiritually and mentally. For, mind you, the worst crime in man is selfishness.”

The doctrine of Re-incarnation leads inevitably to that of Brotherhood, for what can avail the petty and transitory distinctions of human society to men who all possess the same permanent nature, and are travelling to one common goal ? For the human spirit is essentially one, men are spirit, rather than have spirits. There is unity at the heart of things, diversity on the surface, and how should we despise our brother for wearing the garb of poverty, when we wore it ourselves yesterday, and will wear it again to-morrow ? More than this—no degradation, and no vice can break this band of brotherhood, for it may well be that our most repulsive brother is but working through some crust of evil made by careless living, and, this worked through, will pass on rejoicing, a radiant, heroic figure. From the eyes of hunted vagrant there gazes out wistfully a “spirit in prison,” craving dumbly for aid to burst the bars that shut it in. Surely it is not for us to bring hatred to thicken those barriers, but rather the love which will break them down, and set the captive free. The criminals of society are too often the weak mediumistic natures, that take easily all impressions from without ; these impressions we are all of us making every day, filling the mental atmosphere with those subtle thought-images, quickly reflected in the astral light, and thence in these receptive natures, to bear fruit in action. So that, in very truth, everyone of us who, at any time, thinks ignobly, basely, or impurely, is responsible in his measure for crime.

A serious, and even terrible view to take of human life, some one may say. I am not concerned to negative the assertion. Life is a serious thing, and our influence on our fellows is the most serious part of it. But if it be true that we may thus poison the mental atmosphere, and share the responsibility of every crime wrought in the community of which we are a part, it is also true that by thinking purely and nobly, we help to people the astral light with images that inspire others to goodness, and raise the general tone of thought. No matter how poor, how obscure, how insignificant a person may be, he can send out noble thought-forms as his contribution to the general progress of the race ; thus he may work for evolution, in harmony with Nature's mightiest forces, and do his share in lifting the heavy burden of the world.

THE TOWER ITS MEMORIES

BY C.R.B. BARRETT



EIGHT centuries which have elapsed since Gundulf, the architect monk, from the Abbey of Bec, in Normandy, began to build the stronghold on the river bank, practically include the historical existence of England as a powerful country. Other buildings there may be scattered over the land, of as great, nay, even of greater antiquity, but all lack continuity of historic interest down to modern times. It has been said that the history of the Tower of London is the history of England, and rightly, for whether, during times of peace or during periods of foreign or domestic discord, the possession of this fortress-palace-prison has ever been the first care of the sovereign, the chief aim of the pretender, the duty of loyal commander, and the dream of rebel chief. Hence, from its very importance politically, the memories of the Tower of London differ much from those of Windsor Castle and Hampton Court. Roughly speaking, the associations of Windsor are, in the main social; the siege, in 1216, and its occasional use as a place of detention for royal captives, being the most notable exceptions. With Hampton Court the interest is almost purely domestic, the conference of divines held there being merely an episode. Hampton Court was a lordly and comparatively modern pleasure house in which to dwell, but with the Tower the memories are far otherwise, its records teem with tales of sorrow—as a royal palace ill-starred, as a prison ill-omened, as a fortress used more to over-awe than to protect the city over which it was grimly standing sentinel. Often, too, it was little



UNDER THE WAKEFIELD TOWER.

better than a prison to its reputed masters. The general features of the Tower of London are so well known that it would here be superfluous to enter upon a detailed description of the whole. But there are so many portions which are full of interest on either historical, archæological, or sentimental grounds, and which are unseen by the many thousands of people who flock to the place during the course of a twelve-month, that perhaps we may be pardoned for chiefly confining our attention to these less known nooks and corners.

Let us pass the first outwork, known as the middle Tower, an outwork which, whatever it may once have been, has so suffered at the hands of Wren, or some slavish imitator, as to be now, architecturally valueless, and let us begin with the second gate, by name the "Byward." Here we have a nearly perfect specimen of an original postern, probably the most complete now existing in this country. This narrow and dark means of entrance communicates with the Tower wharf, which is reached by a side door opening upon a small drawbridge. The heavy and timeworn latticed and panelled oaken gates, of which there are two pairs, are pierced by tiny wickets,

ing, with quaint ups and downs, tortuous passages, steep little stairways, curious headed doors in odd corners, an arched oaken screen, possibly an old window (now whitewashed over and built up), last, but not least, concealed by a panel, the cords, wheels, pulleys, and axle, the complete apparatus in fact, employed formerly to raise and lower the now disused portcullis. The basement of this tower on the river side contains a room with a good groined roof, now used as a hall for the warders. This gateway of the Byward Tower was the principal entrance to the fortress, nay the only land approach, except the little "Iron Gate" at the end of Tower Wharf; while the little postern was the river door most frequently used in days gone by, for the larger portal beyond, and known by the name of Traitors' Gate, was employed only on occasions of importance. The Traitors' Gate is inserted in the outer face of the huge and partially walled-up archway, over which the building called St. Thomas's Tower stands, and it immediately faces the gateway of the Bloody Tower. The span of the arch is no less than sixty feet, and is a most remarkable piece of work, architecturally speaking. Tradition avers that it fell

through which a large man has some trouble in passing. These gates still hang on their ponderous old hinges, but alas, within the last two years the original and curious locks were removed to be replaced by modern ones! Why this was done we are at a loss to understand, as there is, in addition to the gates, a sufficiently strong iron-faced modern door on the outside. The interior of the "Byward" is most interest-

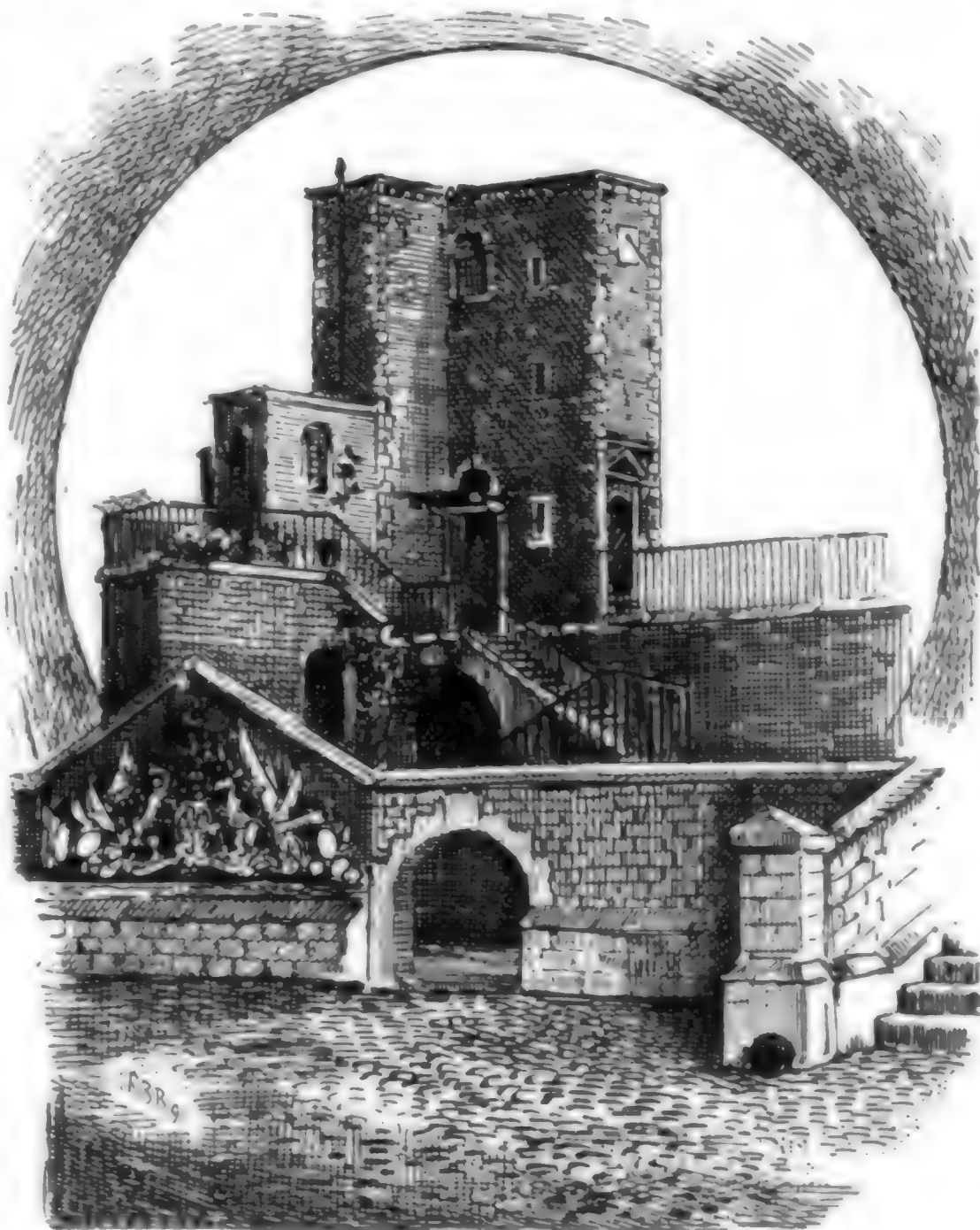
more than once during its construction (temp. Henry III), and that nothing short of the dedication of a chapel therein to St. Thomas of Canterbury caused the third attempt to build it to be successful. The ghosts of the Archbishop and a companion were obliging enough to appear and advise on the proper course to be pursued. The restored St. Thomas's Tower is unfortunately very unworthy of its position. With so many fine types of timber-built houses as examples, it is inconceivable how so poor a specimen of work could have been erected,

the wood-work of the windows especially is wretchedly common-place; and the intervening brickwork between the uprights is laid at an improper angle. All that is seen by the general public of the historic gateway known by the name of the Bloody Tower (though it once bore the designation of the Garden Tower), is the frowning portal itself with the lower bars and spiked points of the portcullis peeping out from above

the arch. But within we have not a few things curious and quaint. In the first place the upper story of the gateway is entered from the parapet by one of the few—very few antique doors remaining within the walls of the Tower of London. This doorway admits into a passage, at the end of which may be seen the steps of a little circular stone stairway alongside a nice little stone arch. This stairway originally communicated with a small room in the basement of the Wakefield Tower, of which we shall speak

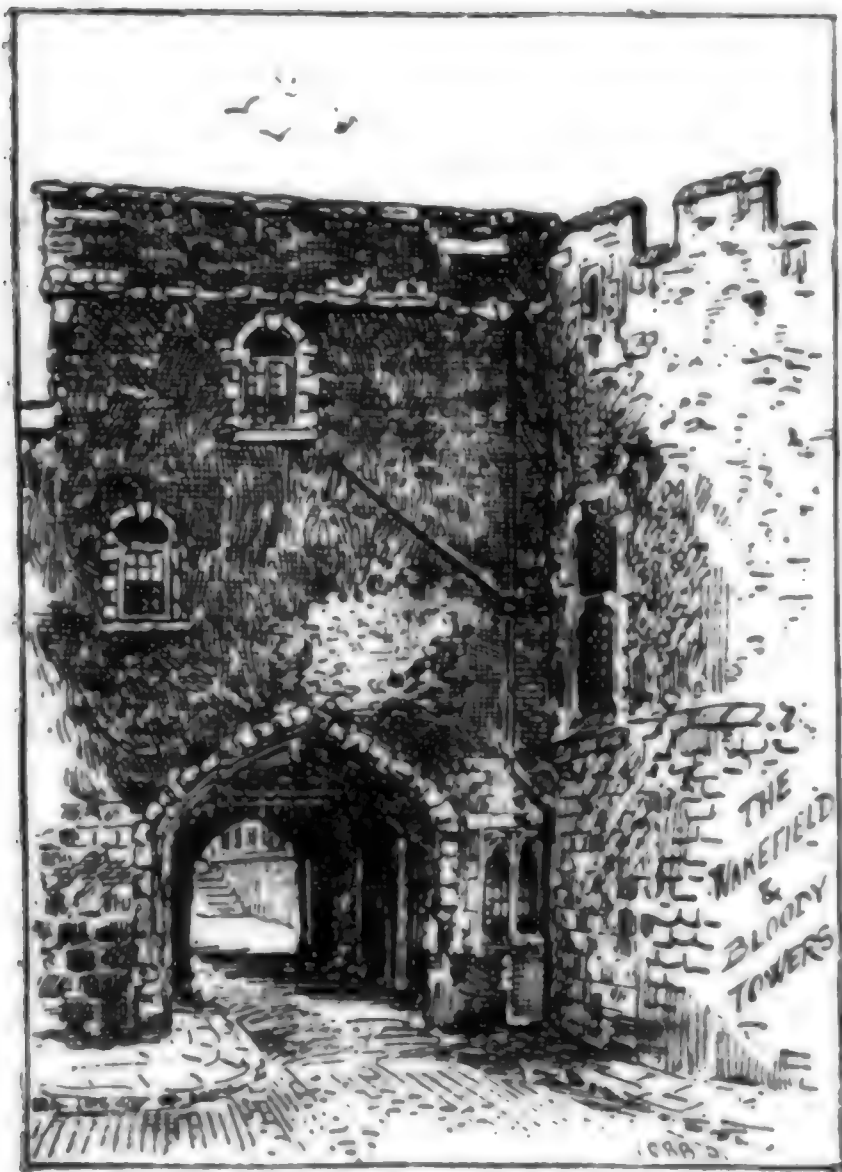
presently. In the Bloody Tower we have the windlass and hoisting arrangements of the portcullis—machinery of a far older type than that in the Byward. The portcullis itself possesses a peculiarity which should be noted. Our ideas of portcullises in general usually convey the notion of a square grating with spiked ends beneath, but this special portcullis has an arched top, and also spiked. Possibly it was constructed originally of the same form as the arch. This is the only way to account for its shape. In the stone wall of one of the

heavily barred windows is to be found the curious carving, of which we give a sketch, and which, not being accessible to the public, it seemed worth while to insert. The windows in the Bloody Tower are, of course, inappropriate, being similar to those in the Middle Tower, and indeed to those in the greater portion of the White Tower—being quasi classical. The Wakefield Tower, of which one room is used



THE MARTIN TOWER.

as the Jewel House, was originally built in Norman times, but having needed repairs as far back as the reign of Henry III, the great tower builder, the upper portion was then renewed. The lower part, however, still remains as a relic of the Norman fortress, and consists of two rooms. These are entered by means of a tiny, low-arched door, concealed behind one of the heavy gates of the Bloody Tower—a gate, by day always kept locked back to the wall. The first of these rooms, a small groined



chamber, would seem to have been originally a small guard-room, and in later days, the room for the warder or gaoler of the prisoners kept in the inner room. Round the walls are two or three small stone cupboard recesses, and in one corner admission is obtained to a place, whence the small stair leading up to the top of the Bloody Tower originally started. The inner room is large, octagonal in shape on the inside, though circular without, with a groined roof and strong central column. This, as a prison, which it undoubtedly was at times, must have been a hateful den; though there were worse places in other parts of the Tower. It may, perhaps, be mentioned, that there is a tradition, whether based on any foundation or not we have been unable to ascertain, that the smaller room formerly was the habitation of the executioner. The Jewel Room, on the upper floor of the Wakefield Tower, is a fine chamber, having in a window recess a small and interesting oratory, with piscina, aumbrey, raised altar-step, and sedilia. From a door in this oratory entrance is obtained into a tiny room, hardly bigger than a cupboard. As the chief attractions of the Jewel Room are so obvious to the eye, it is not to be wondered that this interesting little oratory often escapes the notice of those who visit the

place. Let us now pass to the Norman Keep, the well-known White Tower, which, despite the cruel treatment it suffered at the hands of Wren, is yet the most splendid example of its kind remaining to us. How many times we have visited the Grand Chapel of St. John we can hardly say, nor can we count the numerous points of view from which we have admired it. The general public, however, see perhaps its grandest proportions from the west end, as they pass through it from door to door—often hardly taking the trouble to glance, or stand a few moments to gaze—frequently passing by without a remark, or, at best, “queer old place” may be heard. For ourselves, we have a predilection for one view from the triforium above, from a spot where who knows how many dead and gone kings and queens have assisted at ecclesiastical functions, for the triforium communicates with the State Rooms of the Tower. Beneath this chapel is a long chamber known as the first crypt, on one side of which is a small cell, traditionally the prison of Raleigh. Lower down again is a huge vault, called the second crypt, and beneath the surface of the ground. This second crypt, of which we give a sketch, is now reached from the parade ground. Here a door leads



THE POSTERN, BYWARD TOWER.

down to a flight of steps, and we find ourselves in what was once the Torture Chamber; a vault of which the antiquity was destroyed by Wren when he lined its groining with brick. In the floor are to be seen certain holes, traditionally the only relics of the site of the rack. At the end of this vault in one corner we are met by an ancient circular-headed oak door, fastened by many locks, bolts and bars. This is the doorway of the celebrated cell known as Little Ease; a cell which was not more than four feet square. Tradition avers that Guy Fawkes, after torture, was its last

tenant. The back wall of Little Ease has been knocked through to give entrance into the second crypt, two stones being left to mark its limited extent backwards. Originally the second crypt was entered elsewhere, by a doorway from a third vault of which we shall speak, and beyond its door had no orifice in its walls or vaulting. The circular-headed opening at the end is of comparatively modern construction, and formerly contained a staircase. The third vault, we have mentioned above, runs alongside the Torture Chamber, and at

right angles to the end of the second crypt. Here, not so very long since, was discovered a well of unusual diameter and of great depth. Of the many towers which jut out from the walls of the Inner and Outer Baileys of the Tower, and which are not accessible to the public, we have selected one, the Martin Tower, for an illustration. This tower, which is built partly of brick and partly of stone, stands at the extreme north-east corner of the Inner Bailey. Our sketch gives only the upper portion as seen from the corner of the parade ground, artificially raised,

the outer face, which projects, is, as all the other bastions are, in form semi-circular. The Martin has been used as a prison, and also was, at one time, the Jewel House.

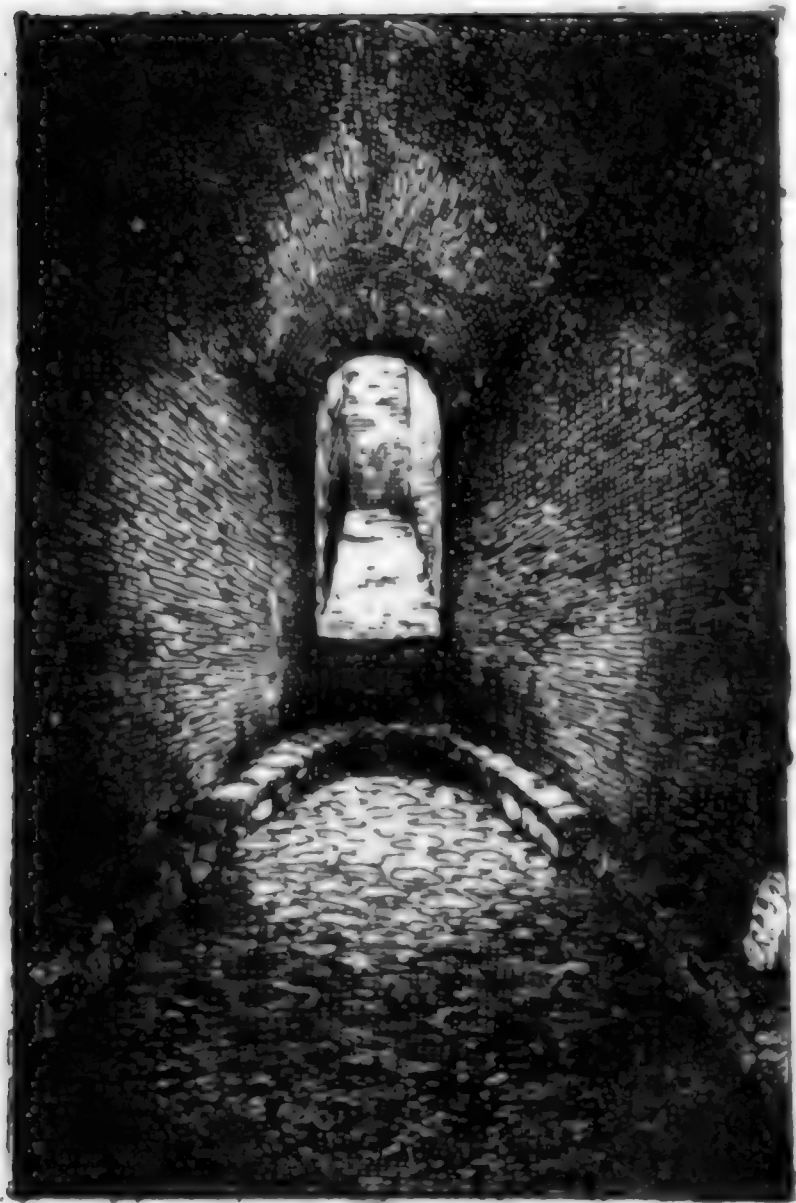
As there are now much greater facilities for viewing the interior of the interesting little Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula than there used to be, we did not illustrate it, but in lieu, preferred to dwell upon the curious range of cells in the Beauchamp Tower. The whole of the Beauchamp Tower is full of interest, despite the fact that the inscriptions on the walls are somewhat of a collection from all parts of the

Tower, though not a complete one; and the restoration (especially of the window) is on a par with the restoration elsewhere. An old print shows this window as an ordinary square-paned one, with a trace of the arched heading above, and where the architectural authority was derived for that at present existing needs explanation. The range of cells to which we have alluded are a portion only of those which formerly existed, a partition wall having been erected to divide them off. Not content with this, new openings were made to admit



THE CHIEF WARDER.
(From Photo by W. Wright, 98, Cheapside).

light into the narrow passage. We cannot, however, help feeling much pity for any unfortunates who had to endeavour to drag out an existence in these narrow dens. Other rooms in the Beauchamp might be interesting were they cleared of the paper on the walls, and we cannot help thinking that the antiquarian knowledge of this present day brought to bear on the Tower of London would result in many discoveries of not a little historical value. The winding stair which leads up to the room in the Beauchamp Tower, accessible to visitors,

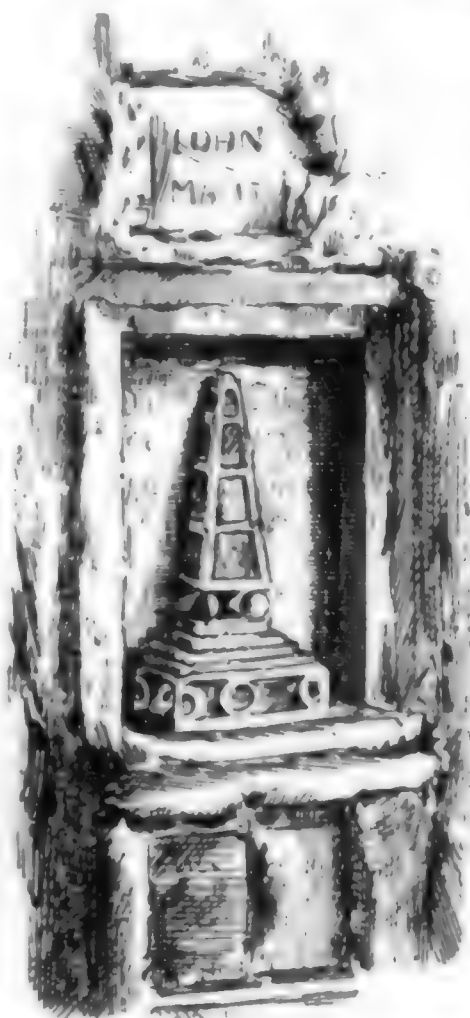


THE SECOND CRYPT, WHITE TOWER.

leads higher up and to a very interesting spot. Here, by means of an oaken door of immense age, weather-worn to an extraordinary extent, with its ironwork corroded almost to total destruction, we gain admission to a narrow flagged parapet walk, which runs along the back of the house of the Yeoman Gaoler, and enters the upper story of the Bell Tower. Along this walk many a sad airing has been taken by the Princess Elizabeth, whose name it bears. The Bell Tower immediately faces the Byward, and forms the south-western defence of the Inner Bailey. It is built in a somewhat remarkable manner, being of solid masonry for several feet above the ground line. The two stories which it contains have been used for prisons—the lower one is a most wretched place—the upper opens into the lodgings of the Lieut.-Governor, in which the chief points of interest are the Council Room, where the Gunpowder Conspirators were tried, and a very singular mural inscription. We have now concluded our description of the certain portions of the Tower which we selected. Other parts there are where we would fain have taken our readers had space permitted, but they are not, except perhaps in the cases of the Salt, Broad Arrow, and Dev-

ereux Towers, of any special mark, either antiquarian or architectural. We will now mention a few of the historic memories of the grand old pile, as a fitting conclusion to our brief paper. In the initial illustration of this paper we have given a drawing of that curious weapon, the state axe. This is one of the most historic weapons in the country, and one around which memories innumerable and immeasurably sad will for ever cling. It is the axe which preceded all state prisoners to and from their trial, being borne with its edge turned away from the accused, but reversed after condemnation. Alongside we have figured the ordinary "heading axe," and for a reason. In more than one picture of state trials this last has been depicted instead of the real implement. Now, when we go over in memory the long roll of state prisoners who in days gone by have been more or less done to death, we cannot but look at this axe with more than ordinary curiosity. At how many judicial foregone conclusions has it not assisted, with what hopes, slight may be, or fears, perhaps too well grounded, has it not been regarded by those near and dear to the accused. Did its glittering edge catch the eyes of the ill-fated many, towards whom it has been relentlessly turned on the procession back to the palace prison? Now-a-days when men die by the hands of the executioner, as

a rule they meet death with firmness, but they at least are spared revolting details. In former times all that could render death on the scaffold terrible was present, but it is curious to remark that even more fortitude was then exhibited than we read of now. Gently nurtured women, as Jane Grey, could even take a brief farewell in set speech



AN ANCIENT CARVING



THE TOWER FROM THE RIVER.

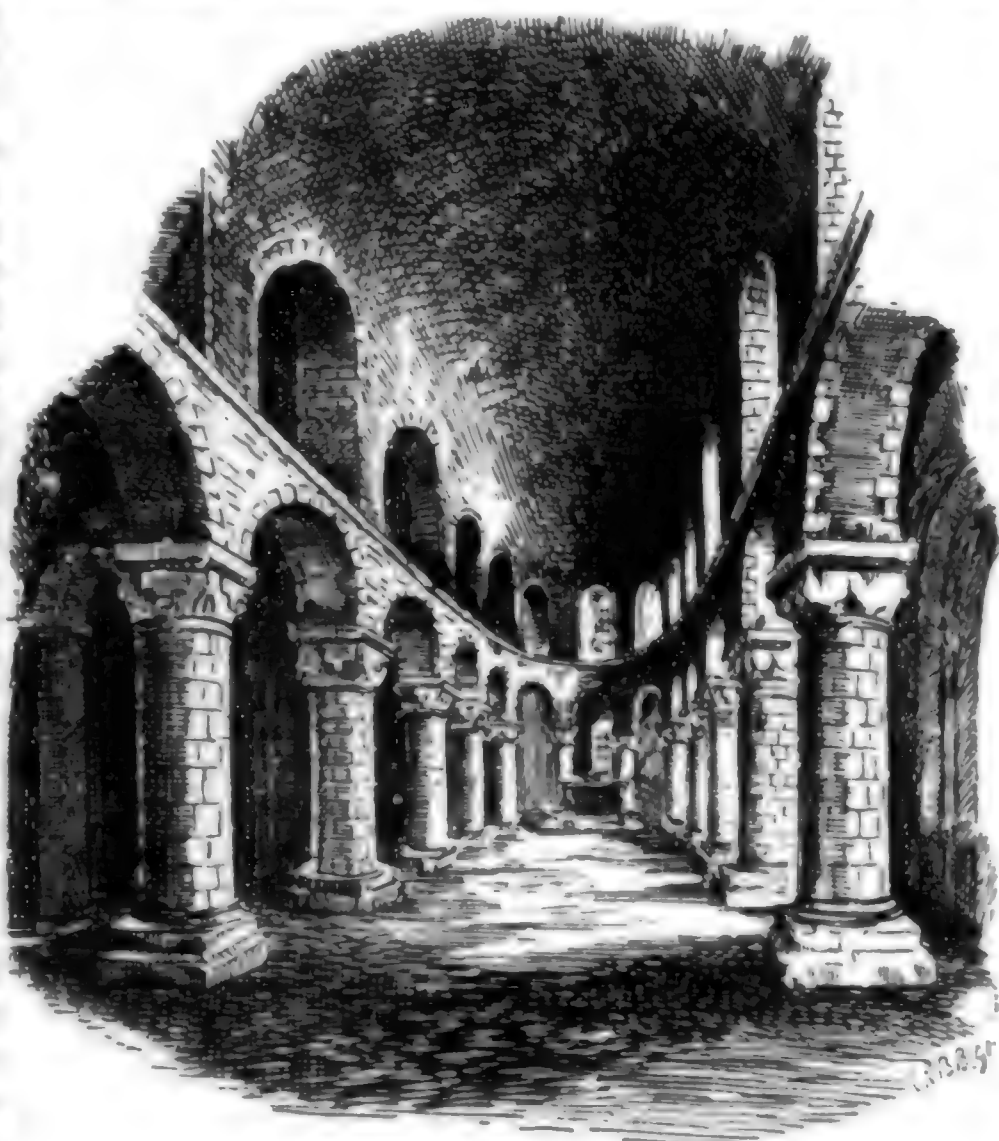
of the sorrowing bystanders. The State Axe is to-day the badge of the "Yeoman Gaoler" of the Tower, its uses now are merely ceremonial, in fact but few times in the year is it produced. None the less, however, is it historical, and never can it be robbed of its sad and painful memories. Considering the number of years that the fortress was used as a prison, it is remarkable how comparatively few escapes there were from its walls—a fact which speaks well for the watch and ward exercised by the gaolers in the complicated rookery enclosed by the moat. Almost the first prisoner of importance, Flambard, the Bishop of Durham, managed to get clear off, though not without personal injury from a fall—but, the most remarkable part of his exploit is that he carried away with him his pastoral staff! The flitting of Mortimer has been celebrated most graphically in verse, and the most celebrated escape of all, that of Lord Nithsdale, is told with all its romantic details in our histories. Sad usually was the fate of the gaoler in charge of a prisoner who succeeded in making good any attempt at flight

—at least, we read that a porter of the Tower in 1414 (the same year, by the way, that Oldcastle escaped), having consented to aid one Whilelocke in getting clear off, was taken to Leicester and there hanged, drawn and quartered. But, sad as was the lot of so many prisoners, some favoured ones had many alleviations, and to the fact that one of them, Charles d'Orleans (taken at Agincourt) wrote poetry, we owe not a little knowledge as to the appearance of the Tower in his days. For these poems are contained in an illuminated M.S., in which the White Tower (white, because externally whitewashed) is shown, and not

a few other portions of the place. In those days the cupolas now standing were not, but instead, each corner turret was surmounted by an extinguisher shaped roof. That Raleigh employed his enforced leisure during his lengthy captivity in literary and scientific pursuits is well known; he, moreover, was able from the parapet wall, near the Bloody Tower, to converse with the passers by. Pepys records, in his day, that he saw an iron peg, surmounted by the arms of the Duke of Northumberland, by which that nobleman marked in holes in the wall the distance of his daily constitutional. The spot chosen for his promenade was known as the "stone wall;" but the

site is now unknown, and the iron peg has vanished. Old Pepys was a good deal in and around the Tower, and once obtained leave to dig beneath some of the towers for treasure reputed to be there concealed; without success, however, did he conduct the delving operations, and we cannot but fancy that he was the victim of a hoax. The fortress palace being a state prison was seldom used for prisoners other than those placed there on political or religious grounds;

a few examples of commonplace malefactors exist, and of these Guy Fawkes and Lord Ferrers are the most notable—the fate of the former is well known; the latter, a cold-blooded murderer, was tried and condemned to be hanged, and drove, from his prison in the Tower to Tyburn, in his coach, accompanied by his private chaplain. The record of those doomed to death on purely political grounds is sufficiently long and sufficiently sad; but the lengthy list of those who came to their end, owing to their religious creed, is even more painful, for, in the latter case, living torture was so often added to a cruel death.



THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN, WHITE TOWER.

Few there must be who do not feel pity for the good Bishop Fisher, and also some regret for the learned Sir Thomas More ; but while Fisher was not a persecutor, More was, and it is moreover known that he inflicted torture at his private house. With the disputed origin of the name of the Bloody Tower we have nothing here to do, nor have we touched upon the, we fear, now never to be solved mystery, as to the fates of Edward V, and the Duke of York. The story, as now told, may be a legend or may be fact ; it is sad enough in all conscience, so let it rest. Similarly, the little Oratory in the Wakefield Tower claims to be the spot where Henry VI was done to death—this is the tradition, it can neither be proved true nor shown to be false—and hence it is unfitting for us to enter upon a discussion thereon.

Suffice it that we have in this year

of grace, 1891, a grand historic old pile of buildings, grey, smoke-grimed, weather beaten—with its eight centuries of legend, story, romance, and history — with the lessons it teaches us, chiefly warnings as to what politically to avoid, and what as a religious nation to eschew. With its body of officials, who have done their queen and country good service in other days, with the quaintly-garbed band of warders, or yeomen, the successors of three centuries of guards of the Tower. There are, we believe, those who carp at the old world dress, and call it out of date. For ourselves we should grieve to see it abandoned, and may but hope that for generations to come the Yeoman Gaoler of the Tower will peacefully on parade display the State Axe, and that the Yeoman Porter may never more, through the escape of a prisoner, stand in danger of his life.



Chief-Warder Penrose Gen. Maitland. Lt.-Gen. Higginson. Chaplain of the Tower.
State Axe Bearer. Lord Napier. Dr. Ivimey. Captain Porter.

From Photo from)

[W. Wright, 98, Cheapside

FOOTBALL

BY H I T Z.

FOOTBALL as we know it, is divided into two distinct branches, which are known by the names of "Rugby" and "Association." The former is entirely controlled (to all intents and purposes) by the Rugby Football Union Executive. The Football Association practically does the same for the latter. The Rugby game is played by fifteen men each side, which are divided thus:—

Full Back.
 ½-Back. ½-Back. ½-Back.
 ½-Back. ½-Back.

and nine forwards, on whom devolves the duty of being constantly "on the back," and forming the "scrimmage" when necessary. On the other hand the Association game consists of only eleven men each way, who are placed somewhat in this style:—

Goal Keeper.
 Back. Back.
 ½-Back. ½-Back. ½-Back.
 Forward. Forward. Forward. Forward. Forward.

A marked contrast in the two games is that while in Rugby a player may career over the field in pursuit of the ball, and travel the whole length of the ground if not "grassed," the Association man is given a certain position in the field, and it is absolutely necessary in the interests of the game that he keeps to his proper place.

Again, the Rugbyite plays with an oval ball, while the Socker man favours a spherical leather. In Rugby the player may catch, pick up, run with, or throw the ball to a fellow player; in Socker, the ball must on no account be touched with the hand or arm. The goal posts are different in the two varieties of the game. It is the aim of the follower of the round ball to kick it between the uprights but *below* the cross-bar, the Rugby man's chief desire is, by

means of either a "drop kick" or "place," to send the oval between the goal posts but *over* the cross-bar. These are the broad distinctions of the two games.

THE RUGBY UNION was started in 1870, and since then it has grown and prospered. Now about 340 clubs subscribe regularly to it, but a still greater number are affiliated to it, as all the clubs belonging to different county clubs, though not directly subscribing to the Union, still are bound by the regulations and rules of the Union. The R.F.U. is most jealous of its prerogatives, and will stand no nonsense from any of its clubs. It sets its face dead against "professionalism" in every shape and form; no doubt semi-professionalism exists in some few cases, in the north of England more particularly, one or two such cases have come under the personal notice of the writer, but woe betide the luckless chit that is caught; then does the full meaning of being affiliated with the R.F.U. dawn on that club's committee, and truly they find that it is not altogether an unmixed blessing.

Every sport has its idol. Angling has, or had, Izaak Walton, Cricket has W. G. Grace, and Football—at least, Rugby Football—has its Rowland Hill. This article would be incomplete without at least a passing notice of that veteran. Has not *Vanity Fair* rendered him historical? Is there a man who has ever witnessed but one of our big matches to whom Rowland Hill is not known; if there be such, and I very much doubt it, let him not confess it. Mr. Rowland Hill has done more to promote the welfare of Rugby Football throughout the world than any other man. He is ever ready to assist even the smallest club with his advice and aid. Then affairs of the R. F. U. are practically in his hands, and he has filled the onerous and thankless post of Hon. Secretary to the R. F. U. for

now some ten years past, and this to the entire satisfaction of every player of the game.

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION was originally started in 1863, and in drawing up their code of rules several of the features of the game as followed at Rugby were omitted; this led to the secession of those clubs which affected the Rugby game, and some years after these seceding clubs formed the Rugby Union.

In 1887, the Football Association underwent another important change; finding that their governing body was too unwieldy, they formed a Council. The kingdom is now divided into ten divisions, each division furnishes one member. Under this one parent Association several smaller Associations are formed for the better regulating of matters locally, but, as in the R. F. U. County Association, all are in touch with the head Council, and are bound by its regulations and rules. Major Marindin, R.E., C.M.G., the President of the Football Association, takes a keen interest in the game, and is often to be seen in the field as a spectator, if not as referee.

Records of the Association matches since 1872 are before me, and I see that England has played Scotland, Wales and Ireland, with the following results:—

	Matches Played.	Drawn.	Won.	Goals.
E. }	20	5	11	51
S. }			4	32
E. }	13	1	10	38
W. }			2	15
E. }	10	...	10	71
I. }			0	6

On the face of this one would naturally think that Englishmen were out and away the best Association players. Not a bit of it. England gets nearly all her good players from Scotland, and pays them well for coming. This, to my mind, is one of the chief objections to professionalism. True,

some will say, but we have it in cricket; but it requires three years' qualification to play for your county in cricket, whilst in football, you can play for the club which pays the best.

The F.A. have inaugurated a Challenge Cup, and since 1872 the "Wanderers" and "Blackburn Rovers" have each won the coveted trophy no fewer than five times.

Turning once more to the Rugby game, it speaks greatly for its vitality when it can send teams abroad. Some years ago a team, under the direction of Messrs. Shaw and Shrewsbury, toured through Australia; this year a fifteen have visited South Africa.

Under the direction and management of Mr. Edwin A. Ash (the first Secretary of the R.F.U.) twenty-one playing men went out. They were as follows:—

W. E. Maclagan (Capt.), Hammond-Hancock, Clauss, Wotherspoon, Aston, Thompson, Marshall, McMillan, Jackson, E. Bromet, W. E. Bromet, Rotherham, Roscoe, Mitchell, Thorman, Whittaker, Mayfield, Surtees, Simpson, Gould.

Allowing for their superiority and better knowledge of the game, the result of the tour must be admitted to be a marvellous one. It must be remembered that they played under different circumstances

to what they were wont, that they had been fêted and feasted galore, yet, in spite of all these drawbacks they won all their nineteen matches, and had only one try scored against them, and that, strange to say, in the opening match.

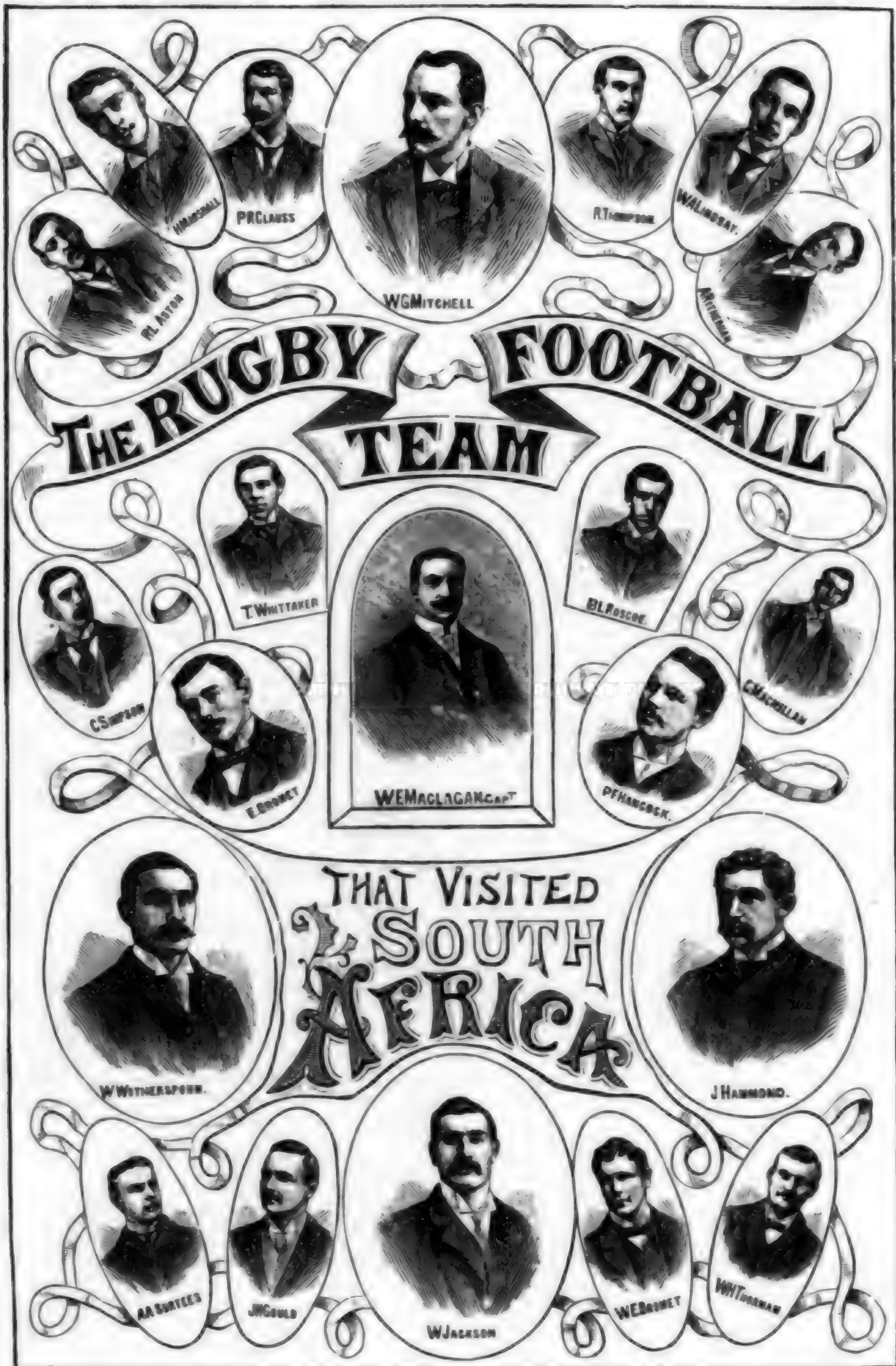
At least one or two of this African team are worthy of special mention. Few names are better known in the Rugby Football field than that of Aubone A. Surtees of the "Harlequins" and Cambridge University. He was educated at Rugby School, and therefore commenced well; of course he obtained his school colours, and, as a matter of sequence, the "blue" followed.



ROWLAND HILL.

From photo by]

[Morgan & Kigg, Greenwich.



H. MARSHALL



P. CLAUS



W. G. MITCHELL



R. THOMPSON



W. LINDSAY



R. ASTON



R. THOMAS

THE RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM



T. WHITTAKER



B. ROSCOE



C. SIMPSON



E. BROWN



W. MACLAGAN CAPT



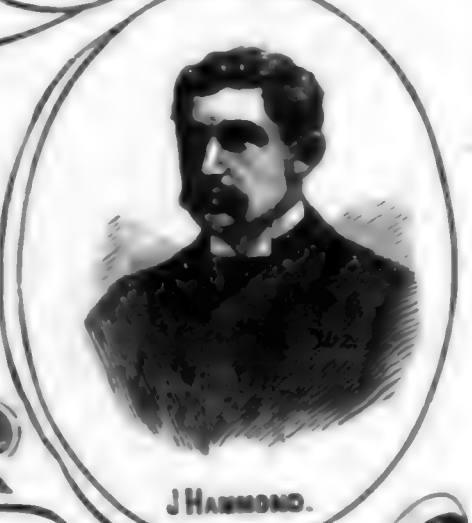
P. HANCOCK



G. MCCALLAN



W. WITHERSPOON



J. HAMMOND

THAT VISITED SOUTH AFRICA



A. A. SQUIRES



J. GOULD



W. JACKSON



W. BROWN



W. THOMAS

He is a brilliant, fast, unselfish, hardworking forward.

W. G. Mitchell (Richmond and Guy's Hospital) is undoubtedly the best full-back of to-day. He is always safe, never loses his head, and plays, though seldom called upon, a splendid uphill game when his side is losing, as, for instance, in the last English and Scotch match. England's defeat that day would have been much more severe had it not been for Mitchell. Another well-known man is P. F. Hancock, known among his friends as the "Baby." He is so-called because he stands considerably over six feet, and weighs some—well, I won't give him away—suffice it to say he is not a light weight. His magnificent physique, combined with an accurate judgment, make him a most excellent forward. He is claimed both by Somersetshire and Blackheath.

As this one article will not admit of noticing many clubs, I purpose confining myself to one or two of the leading ones, hoping to devote my attention to many other prominent clubs in future months. I have selected Bradford and Blackheath as worthy representatives of the Rugby form of game.

THE BRADFORD FOOTBALL CLUB

Is given in the Football Annual as formed in 1868, but it is really an offshoot of the B.C.C., which was constituted 1836.

The management, election of officers, &c., are kept quite distinct from the cricket section, but at the end of each season any balance earned by football during the season is carried to the credit of the general club account. Fortunately there has always been a balance to the right side, averaging, during the past five years, an annual sum of £1,750. The membership roll exceeds 2,000, the season's subscription being 10s. 6d.

The management of the club is entirely in the hands of a committee of the members, and notwithstanding the immense amount of work entailed, there is no paid official connected with the club. There is probably no Rugby club which gets through such a list of fixtures, and travels the distances, which the Bradford Club does in a season. The

travelling expenses last season alone amounted to £440. The club has been extremely fortunate in possessing, as honorary treasurer, Mr. James Jennings, a gentleman of independent means, who devotes his time and himself, heart and soul, to looking after such interests as are usually left to the custody and care of a treasurer. Some years ago a presentation of silver plate was made to him, by members of the general club, as a slight recognition of his services. He is a model treasurer. The present honorary secretary of the Bradford Football Club, Mr. R. Newton Rhodes, is a solicitor, practising in Bradford, who regrets that he recollects the playing on the old field, early in the sixties, and who has discharged the secretarial duties since April, 1885.

As regards play, Bradford, like most clubs, has had its seasons of reverses and successes, but since the beginning of 1870, Bradford has always made a bold front, and furnished numerous players to represent the county, and several to wear the coveted English cap. In 1872 I find four players from the club included in the Yorkshire team, and thence, to the present day, the



NEWTON RHODES

From photo by]

[Albert Sachs, Bradford.

BRADFORD (RUGBY) FOOTBALL TEAM.



E. Doyle.

H. Noble.
H. Duckitt.

H. Bailey.
H. Wilkinson.
A. Briggs.

J. White.
J. J. Hawcrige.

A. Bairdow.
R. Fisher.
H. Fieldhouse.

J. H. Jenkinson.
J. Richards.

E. Dewhurst.
D. A. Moulson.

From a photo by J.

Willet & Pryn, 22, Baker Street, W.

county seems to have always drawn on the club for players.

In 1887-8, twenty matches were won to nine lost, but the following season shewed an improvement, twenty-seven matches falling to the club as against ten reverses. This success was maintained in 1889-90, when 23 matches were won as against 6 lost, but last season's record was the best in the club's history, as out of 31 matches played only 3 were lost, 3 ended in draws, and 25 were won outright.

The three matches lost were to Yorkshire clubs, so that outside the county the club standard was always in the ascendant.

The success in recent years of the Bradford Football Club has doubtless, in a measure, been due to a fortunate selection of the captains to lead the teams, and to no one person is more credit due, in arriving at the above results, than to Bonsor, who was elected captain in the years 1883, 1884, 1886, and 1890, and who has been playing with the club since 1881. The old war-horse still takes the field, and though a great deal of his dash and activity has gone when his grip encircles the hips of an opponent, the latter is as certain as ever to kiss mother earth. In 1885, the international three-quarter Rawson Robertshaw was elected captain, and in 1887 Edgar Wilkinson, another international, held the reins. Hickson, one of the most brilliant and dashing forwards who ever represented England, was suzerain in 1888 and 1889, and now, Hawcridge, who represented his county in 1885, is in command.

A fair average attendance at Park Avenue at Saturday afternoon matches is about 8,000 to 10,000, but at holiday times, or occasions when a match has from some cause or other obtained a special interest, a great crowd will congregate. On Boxing Day, 1888, 15,579 spectators paid through the turnstiles, and on the same day in 1890, 16,996 passed. To these numbers must be added (to obtain the actual attendance) members' ladies (who are free), boys, and numerous

"dead-heads," and at holiday times the "ladies attend in great force. The weavers and other female workers in the mills don their Sunday best, and are as strong in the approval or condemnation of the play as their male relations. I have to acknowledge, with sincere gratitude, that I am indebted to Mr. Newton Rhodes, the popular Secretary of the B.F.C., for my matter concerning his club; he most heartily placed all his valuable information at my disposal.

THE BLACKHEATH CLUB AND ITS PLAYERS.

Ask any football player which is the leading Rugby club in the South of Eng-



J. L. HICKSON.

land, and I vouch for it that he will answer Blackheath. The club may have sustained defeat once now and again at the hands of its old rival at Richmond; only last season, at the Charity Festival at Kennington Oval, the London Scottish beat it—beat it by a fluke, and after calling in the aid of several international players who were not regular members of the team. Bradford, too, as the representative of the northern forces, has more often than not been victorious as the result of encounters between the two. But,

taking one season with another, no organisation more consistently maintains its ground or more worthily upholds the prestige of southern football than does Blackheath. Certainly, none is more popular, locally or generally, and at no other Rugby club's matches in the metropolitan district are such crowds to be seen—such enthusiastic and appreciative crowds—as flock to the Rectory Field with the utmost regularity. Strong evidence that the club has obtained a great hold upon the affections of the residents in its district is to be found in the fact that no small proportion of the most constant attendants at Blackheath matches is of the gentler sex: a fact which is striking in its novelty so far as London football is concerned.



From a Photo by]

A. E. STODDART.

[Walery, Regent Street.

At this moment, perhaps, the fifteen is not so powerful as that which fought for the club during the season which ended last March; but before December is reached, the new captain, Percy Christopherson, will be able to take out a team but little inferior to any which has represented the club in recent years.

Since Leonard Stokes—another Blackheath worthy—retired, no other player of Rugby football has filled the place in the public mind as the one outstanding representative and hero of the game that A. E. Stoddart has done. Stoddart first became prominent with the "Harlequins," but the record of his prowess penetrating to Blackheath, he was invited to join the club there, accepted, and for the past seven or eight years, with the exception of a season's absence in Australia, has been very rarely missing from the Rectory Field team. That he gained the highest honours open

to a football player, that is, was selected to play for England, and was, moreover, appointed the chief command of the national team upon more than one occasion, is matter of history, and common knowledge amongst football players, as likewise is his career in the colonies with Shaw and Shrewsbury's team. His position is three-quarter, and he excels as a swift runner and in dodging ability; a power of turning abruptly when going almost at full speed enables him to elude the most determined tacklers, and he has been known upon occasion to leap clean over a man who has "gone low" for him. In the ease with which he dashes through a closely grouped crowd of opponents, threading his way by a series of quick springs from right to left and from left to right, I know but one man who can be said to equal him—that one, A. L. Brooke, of the "Old Ley-sians" and Huddersfield. Stoddart announced his intention of retiring from the game twelve months ago, but was induced, as the season advanced, to again don the jersey; he had sustained an injury to-

wards the close of the previous season, and this seemed to affect his play last year, with the consequence that he never fully recovered his old form, though rendering very useful service. He is now on his way to Australia, with the Earl of Sheffield's cricket team, and I sadly fear that we have seen this grand player on the football field, as a participant in the game, for the last time.

Percy Christopherson, upon whose shoulders Stoddart's discarded mantle of captaincy has fallen, was one of the mainstays of the team last year. He captained the Oxford University fifteen for a couple of seasons, and made his first appearance as an international player against Wales in January of the present year, when he showed such brilliant form that his place was secure for the subsequent international matches. On the whole it may fairly be admitted that he was one of the most

BLACKHEATH (RUGBY) FOOTBALL TEAM.



C. A. Brechney. P. Maud. C. H. Knight. S. L. Jeffery. P. T. Williams. A. Allport. P. Coles. E. F. Rowsell.
 R. D. Budworth. P. P. Christopherson. A. E. Stoddart. W. P. Carmichael. [Elliot & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.
 G. C. Hubbard. J. Hammond.

From a photo by]

brilliant players of the season ; but I do not think he has yet reached the zenith of his powers, and hope to see him do even greater things in the time to come.

R. L. Aston, who has just returned from the Cape, where he has played a prominent part in the successes of the English football team, is a model centre-three-quarter, possessing pace, good kicking ability, and, the chief requisite for a centre, excellent judgment in the matter of passing. Unfortunately he will very rarely be able to assist the club this season, as he has accepted a scholastic appointment in Scotland.

G. C. Hubbard, this year's vice-captain, is a sort of utility three-quarter, who is also useful as a stop-gap at half-back. Sometimes he plays centre, and sometimes on the wing; wherever placed he plays the game, and plays it well.

A. S. Johnston, the smart little full-back of the team, was on the verge of retirement all last season, but was induced to keep playing to the end. Now he seems to have definitely relinquished the game. He is a sure and long kick, a safe tackler, and fairly speedy. He played for a couple of seasons as a three-quarter, with Essex County, but last year joined his friend Stoddart in the Middlesex ranks ; he still, however, plays cricket for Essex. His retirement will be a great loss to the club.

Of the halves who last year did duty, E. H. Senior was the most promising at the outset, but an injury prevented him from playing throughout the season. R. B. Sweet-Escott occasionally rendered acceptable service, and towards the close H. Marshall, F. E. Duckworth, and R. L. De Winton alternated in the position, which was undoubtedly the weak place in the team.

Forward, the side was very strong. The scrummagers were of the new order rather than the old : fast, sharp tacklers, moderately good dribblers, and able to pass the ball well amongst themselves. This last is an accomplishment which forwards of other teams in the South would do well to acquire ; but the pity of it is that too often, when they attempt it at all, they overdo it by picking up the ball when they should dribble. R. D. Budworth, an old Dark Blue forward, was perhaps the best of the regular members of the Blackheath front division.

Having height and weight in his favour, and any amount of determination, he is a very useful man at the line-out and in a scrum-mage, whilst in the open he is by no means a sluggard. E. H. G. North, another Dark Blue ; P. Maud, J. Hammond, A. O. Hubbard, and W. P. Carpmael (hon. sec. of the club) are all serviceable, hard-working forwards, constituting the enduring backbone of the team. There is a fairly strong Somersetshire contingent in the Blackheath Club, and such well-known men as P. F. Hancock, F. R. Aldridge, and W. H. Manfield are occasionally to be seen encased in the red and black hoops ;

S. M. J. Woods, too, may be reckoned a Blackheathen, and is expected to figure in the team pretty regularly this season, as also will F. Evershed, the famous Midland and international forward, who is now resident in London.

Upon the whole, with such a popular captain as Percy Christopherson, and under the management of so capable a secretary as W. P. Carpmael, the club is in safe hands, and I confidently anticipate a successful season for both first and "A" fifteens, of which latter, E. F. Rowell, the sturdy old Kensington half-back, is once more captain.



W. P. CARPMAEL.

From photo by]

[Disdel, 4, Brook Street, W.

In the next number of "THE LUDGATE" I shall give some of our leading Association Teams—Aston Villa, Everton, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, with portraits of Teams and leading men.



NO; ignorance concerning departed mayors does not denote a weak intellect. But ask any ordinary individual what he knows of the mayoral history of London, and will he not smile and say, "turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London"? Press him a bit further, and ask if he is quite sure Whittington ever existed at all, then you will learn that he believes it is only an old nur-

sery rhyme. At this point you may introduce a big display of knowledge on the subject, that is, if you have the knowledge to display, but you will not get far before you make the discovery that your ordinary individual is patiently regarding you as the greatest bore he has met since his wife's mamma died.

However, there is no reason why men and women should not know more than they do about the little kings of London, for our mayors wield a great power, and when they like to take a mean advantage of the position, there is money in it—we need not go far back in the records of London's tribunes to prove this. But let us for a while ramble through the days since Lord Mayors began. A search among

mayoral records takes one into strange places, among strange people.

It is just about seven hundred years since a draper named Fitz Ailwyn was made first Mayor of London by the king. However, once elected, he stuck to the post for twenty-four years and died an ordinary death. But it was the sovereign John who first allowed the citizens to elect a mayor of their own, although it was necessary that the chosen should receive Royal approval. Often the mayor had to go trotting all over the country in order to be approved, and one gentleman got so tired of it that when at last he stood before the king, he gave him a bit of his mind. This was plucky, considering that the heading block and axe were ready in the yard outside. The mayors were somewhat of a trouble to Henry III, and on one occasion he seized



WALWORTH SLEW WAT TYLER

both mayor and aldermen, imprisoned them, and for the next four years made other arrangements. After this, all went well, until Mayor Gregory Rokesley refused to appear before the king's justices at the Tower, and this so upset Edward I that there were no mayors for the next twelve years. Edward II easily got over any difficulty by appointing Nicholas Faringdon mayor "as long as it pleased him." It pleased him for some time, and when he departed this life it was on condition that a light was kept burning before our Lady the Virgin in St. Peter-le-Crepe for ever. The mayoralty of grocer Aubrey resulted in a couple of men being beheaded in Chepe; but Mayor Picard had a grand twelve months of it in 1356. He feasted half-a-dozen kings, and opened his hall to lordly gamblers and Court ladies.

Fishmonger Walworth was a mayor who left a record. He was a prompt man in action, and slew Wat Tyler, besides having a row with the young king. But for record Dick Whittington leaves all his predecessors, and even all his successors, entirely in the cold. Whittington was a good deal more than a nursery rhyme. Starting as a mercer's apprentice, he ran away, and while resting by a stone cross is said to have heard in the sound of Bow Bells the well-known "Turn again Whittington," etc. The cat portion of the story

is doubtful—very doubtful—although Stow has tried to justify it. After marrying his master's daughter, Whittington became a wealthy merchant, and made his first hit by receiving an order to supply the wedding trousseau of the king's eldest daughter. Later he became court banker, and supplied royalty with cash; in fact, practically financed the siege of Harfleur. It was when dining with Henry V and Queen Catherine that Whittington had a fire of precious woods lighted, and taking all the bonds given him by the king, threw them into the fire.

"Surely, never had king such a subject,"

remarked Henry, as the £60,000 blazed away.

"Surely, never had subject such a king," bashfully responded the mayor. He was four times mayor, and spent his great wealth in deeds of charity and generosity.

A founding, afterwards a grocer's apprentice, Wm. De Sevenoke, was mayor in 1418, and represented the city in parliament.

It was may-

or Rainwell who swilled down the kennels with adulterated wines, and Simon Eyre who left 3,000 marks for prayers to be read to the market people; while Sir John Norman introduced the novel innovation of rowing to Westminster in the place of the usual street procession. Some way later on, we come across mayor James, who had Sheriff Bayfield fined a sum equal to a thousand pounds of our money for kneeling too close to him while at prayers



"THE £60,000 BLAZED AWAY."

in St. Paul's. He was afraid of catching a contagion that was then raging.

It is not often the city has selected a bachelor Lord Mayor. John Matthew (1490), was the first, and he was not much of a success. Perhaps the mayor who most bravely earned his wife was Osborne. When a babe, the lady was let fall into a dangerous portion of the Thames. The lad Osborne leapt in, and saved the little life that afterwards developed into a woman who was much sought by courtiers of high degree. But, her father refused to let her marry other than Osborne, who became rich, and afterwards mayor.

Lord Mayor Lodge was in office in 1563, and he was also in a terrible scrape with his Queen. She would brook no opposition, and when Lodge insulted one of her purveyors and threatened to lock him up, the Queen immediately compelled him to resign his gown, and fined him heavily into the bargain. Sir Walston Dixie was the first mayor to have his pageant published. His handsome and only daughter was stolen by Lord Compton, who packed her up in a large flat-topped baker's basket and bore her off for his bride. It was Sir Richard Gurney who in 1641 entertained Charles I to a dinner consisting of four hundred dishes, but he suffered for his loyalty. He was thrown into the Tower for refusing to publish an Act for the abolition of royalty, and there he died. Several succeeding mayors were also imprisoned in the Tower as Royalists. Mayor Tichborne signed the death warrant of Charles I, but his successor Chiverton was a more dexterous man, and managed to gain the goodwill of both Cromwell and Charles II, both of whom knighted him.

Mayor Lawrence deserves everlasting commemoration. Throughout the dreadful plague of 1664 he stood to his

post, remaining in the city, enforcing wise regulations, and maintaining 40,000 discharged servants. Mayor Waterman's pageant was an interesting one, consisting of a forest of wild animals and wood-nymphs, with two negroes riding on panthers in front. The mayor of 1681 was sentenced to the pillory, while the mayor of 1688 met a much more terrible fate. When on his way to Bartholomew Fair, he followed the custom of calling by the way on the keeper of Newgate, and there partaking on horseback of a "cool tankard" of wine. In receiving the tankard the lid flopped down, the mayor's horse started, and the rider was thrown so violently that he died next day.

The right Hon. Sir Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor in 1768, is said to have made £600,000 out of a Government contract, and it was not many years later that John Wilkes was governor of London's affairs. A more devil-may-care individual never occupied the position; however, he knew how to catch the people's ear, and, with the populace behind him, was able to defy the House of Commons.

The Mayor of 1796 went to Edinburgh, and amused the natives by wearing a kilt, but the last mayor of the last century was an even livelier soul.

As a brewer he was nick-named "mash-tub," and he spent his evenings gambling with a well-known circle.

Sir Matthew Wood certainly had a famous year of office, and his baronetcy was the first title conferred by Queen Victoria. Alderman Waithman had two narrow escapes from being shot during tumults, while Alderman Kelly was lord mayor when her Majesty the Queen succeeded to the throne.

Perhaps the most imposing of all the processions was that which attended the accession of Mayor Musgrove. At his show there were represented the four



WATCHES ARE SNATCHED.



quarters of the world, with camels, deer, elephants, and negroes, a ship in full sail, an allegorical car drawn by six horses, and Britannia on the throne, besides many other attractions. 1855 heralded the first Jewish Lord Mayor, and ten years later saw yet another Jew in office. There has also in more recent years been a Mayor surnamed Isaacs.

This practically brings us to our own times, of which we know sufficient. Lord Mayor's Day still remains with us a popular day—practically a holiday. The crowd is dense as ever to watch the procession, the

pick-pockets are busier than ever. It is always a field-day for the student of character, for he will find in the dense fringe that line either side the route, some men and women of every class. All are patiently waiting, when there is a rush down the centre of the street. A number of roughs are crowding on to the bystanders in an apparently helpless way. But the police know their little game, and attempt to stem the rush. In spite, however, of the proximity of the limbs of the law, watches are snatched, and the shouts and cries of those that are robbed only add to the difficulty. In the meantime sly young rascals are passing along the back of the crowd, and inserting their hands in other people's pockets with remarkable dexterity.

That tall, burly fellow, dressed as a country farmer, but with a particularly straight backbone, is, seemingly, only slightly interested in affairs, yet he has an eye on a man whom he carefully follows a few yards distant. That man will, in a moment, attempt a theft, and a moment later will find himself in the arms of the straight-backed one, who is no other than an innocent from Scotland Yard.

Once the procession is passed, the streets are quickly cleared, and one may stand for a while in full view of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, without even a wheel-barrow passing.

From the new Lord Mayor we hope much good, if he only acts up to his promises. His guarantee not to take active part in floating companies is highly satisfactory, and there is much room for him to carry out his ideas relative to the crafts of this country. On the whole, Alderman Evans is a promising Lord Mayor, and it will not be surprising if he does all he can to promote many Welsh movements in London. His countrymen will expect it.



THE LORD MAYOR, 1891-2



The air was thick with steam and impregnated with the smell of soap, and the temperature was by no means low, more especially as the sun was streaming in through the uncurtained windows. But the laundry-girls were used to these inconveniences and thought nothing of them. They chattered continuously over their work, not because they were happy or because they had anything particular to say, but because they had no conception of the dignity of silence. The conversation was, perhaps, not of the most edifying description, and the language employed was forcible, garnished by slang, and not free from superfluous expletives, for these girls were not of the highest type. There was a curious tawdriness or rather gaudiness about their, for the most part, ragged dresses; they had big, heavy fringes, which the steam had taken out of curl, so that in nearly every instance they straggled into the bold eyes beneath them; their faces, too, were in a striking contrast to their hands in the matter of cleanliness, for it was not compulsory to put them in the water in order to earn a livelihood; but they were better in this respect than they would be nearer the end of the week, for to-day was only Tuesday.

The only exception to the universal untidiness was manifested in the person of one whom the girls called 'Liza (the i being

pronounced as if it were the diphthong ai). This 'Liza, the preliminary "e" of whose name was invariably dropped by her acquaintances, was a hunchback, and her face, though, it possessed the merit of cleanliness, was almost repulsively ugly. The complexion was sallow, the mouth badly-shaped, the eyebrows obtrusively dark and heavy; very sad were the eyes beneath them, had there been anyone to note their wistful look, but 'Liza did not encourage scrutiny, and indeed the brown eyes were not remarkable in themselves, and were moreover half-hidden by the drooping lids from which she glanced in a sideways, half sinister manner. 'Liza was not very popular among her



THAT WAS MISS CALLENDER.



"HE'S DEAD!" SAID 'LIZA.

companions, partly because she chose to be exclusive, and partly because she could on occasion say unpleasantly sharp things. But there was one person whom she loved, and that was Miss Callender.

By and by the ringing of a bell created a diversion amongst the workers. Almost simultaneously eight pairs of red, soapy arms were drawn out of the wash-tubs, eight pairs of red, crinkled hands were wiped on some portion of convenient apparel, and eight pairs of ill-shod feet tramped into an adjoining room.

At a table in this room stood a young lady, very sweet in appearance and prettily dressed. She nodded in a friendly way to the girls, and shook hands with each one as they passed. She had their interest at heart, and made it her duty to come two or three times a week and provide them with dinner. This dinner consisted usually, as on this occasion, of a plate of soup and a large slice of pudding, for which they paid a penny; a second helping of either could be had for a farthing, so the payment was merely nominal; but the girls were exempt from the feeling that they were the recipients of charity.

The coppers were "dabbed" down on the table in a little pile, and Miss Callender

ladled out the soup, which was quickly and noisily consumed. The young lady watched the other women, smiling. Perfectly dainty herself, their roughness did not seem to repel her.

"Girls," she said presently, in her quiet, clear voice, "I am going to give a party in the Mission Hall. Will you come?"

There was a chorus of delighted assent, accompanied by a general clattering of spoons on the almost empty plates.

"Lor, Miss; what sort of a party might it be, now?"

"Oh, friendly," said Miss Callender. "Music, and plenty to eat, and—you may bring your sweethearts."

This caused a prolonged giggling.

"Might we bring more than one?" enquired Polly Blaines, who enjoyed the distinction of being the prettiest of the girls.

Miss Callender shook her head disapprovingly.

"You oughtn't to have more than one," she said, smiling.

"Oh! as for that, Miss, I don't want *any*, I'm sure; but there, the more you draws off, the more they comes on. That's how it is with men, and that's why them as don't want 'em, always has the most admirers."

And Polly, conscious of a fascinating



MISS CALLENDER DREW THE GIRL TOWARDS HER.

retroussé nose and a dimpled chin, tossed her head in the air.

Whereupon all the girls, not to be outdone, and by no means reticent on the subject of their love affairs, fell to talking about them, finding the topic eminently congenial, and treating it in a manner which displayed no more vulgarity of heart than is concealed by certain ladies. Miss Callender rather encouraged than checked them; she liked them to be perfectly natural before her, and was glad of anything which gave her an insight into their lives and characters.

Two there were who kept silence: one a little newly-married woman, to whom love was too sacred for common speech; and 'Liza.

The pudding she had begun to attack seemed to stick in 'Liza's throat, and she had great difficulty in gulping it down, for the other hunger of which she was often conscious, the hunger of the heart, now so asserted itself as to make her oblivious of bodily needs. Something there was, too, of bitterness in her mind as she listened to the talk of these others. Perhaps Polly's words did more to cause it than anything else: "Them as don't want 'em always has the most admirers." Looking up she suddenly met the eyes of this girl. To her morbid imagination they expressed pity, perhaps scorn. She crimsoned.

There was a momentary lull, so that they all heard her when she said in a peculiarly loud, harsh, defiant voice:

"Mine isn't livin'; mine isn't."

"Yours? Did *you* have a sweetheart once?" asked the married woman, not ungently, though there was the slightest perceptible accent on the pronoun.

"And why not?" asked 'Liza, and her voice was louder than before. "It isn't only pretty girls as has people caring for 'em. There's other things besides looks."

"Of course there are, dear," said Miss

Callender, soothingly, for 'Liza's eyes flashed ominously. "Goodness is worth much more to a good man."

"What was his name, 'Liza?" asked Polly Blaines.

Polly was conceited, and 'Liza, hypersensitive, scented patronage.

"I ain't going to tell yer," she said. Then, with swift contradiction, "his first name was Charlie."

"Was he handsome?" asked Polly, pinching her neighbour under the table, so that the latter, a high-coloured, coarse-looking girl, gave a little squeak.

"I never see anybody better-looking," said 'Liza, with promptitude. "He wasn't any of your pink, dolly men." (Polly's favoured suitor happened to be fair.) "He was dark, and his nose was straight, like a gentleman's,

and his teeth was white, and" ('Liza warmed to her subject) "and he used to wear a red silk tie, with a pin in it. And," she went on, "he always gave me lots of presents—lots, and he loved me so, as he couldn't bear me out of his sight. Oh," she cried excitedly, "he *did* love me, and we was so happy, keepin' company, and he was a-goin' to marry me—." She paused abruptly. Indeed, her shrill voice had got almost beyond her control.

"What did he die of?" asked one of the girls, with genuine compassion in her tones.

'Liza looked at her—gasped—hesitated a moment—then rose, and pushed back her chair.

"That don't matter to no one," she said, in a hard voice, that yet had a catch in it. "He's dead, and that's enough; and you needn't, any of you, ever talk to me about him. So there!" And she went back into the laundry.

There was a moment's silence. Miss Callender sat looking thoughtful; then she rose, and followed 'Liza into the next room, closing the door. The other girls regarded one another with some surprise. 'Liza was usually silent, and was considered morose, but her affliction had made them kind to



her in their rough way, though she was certainly not a favourite amongst them. But now that they realized that she had a romance in her life, the love of sentiment, which is in every woman, made them feel a sympathy for her hitherto unknown. There is often a delicacy of feeling among the very poor, which springs up in unexpected places, like a little flower in the cleft of a rugged rock.

'Liza was standing by her wash-tub, and she had already plunged in her hands, and begun to vigorously soap one from the heap of towels she had to wash. Her lips were set tight together, her bosom was heaving, and a tear had rolled down her cheek, and dropped off it on to her coarse apron. She put up her arm, her hands being soapy, and laid her elbow across her eyes for a minute.

"Eliza," said a soft voice, in accents more tender than she was wont to hear, so that her name sounded quite musical.

She looked up.

"Eliza," said Miss Callender again, and then she came close up to the girl, and drew her towards her.

'Liza was unused to any such demonstration. Perhaps that was why she half-pulled herself away.

"My dear," said Miss Callender, "we must be great friends, you and I, for we have a sorrow in common. Nothing binds people so close together as to be linked by mutual trouble. Two years ago I was engaged to be married, and he who was to have been my husband was—was shot, in Afghanistan."

"Oh, Miss!" cried 'Liza, "Oh, Miss!"

"So you see," said Miss Callender softly, "you and I must be a comfort to each other."

'Liza did not speak. She began to pull

at her apron strings; then getting them into a knot, busied herself undoing it.

"It don't seem as I could do anythink," she said, presently. "You always seems happy and bright-like. You're mostly smiling. I don't see how you can be it when anyone as has cared for yer has died."

"God helps me to be happy," said Miss Callender simply. "Besides, I have many things to be grateful for."

"Ah, there yer are," cried 'Liza, almost passionately; "you ain't poor, and lonely, and hugly. You *could* have love if yer wanted to; *you* don't go longin' and longin', and a pain in your heart mostwhiles. I wouldn't tell any o' *them*," (pointing to the door) "for they wouldn't understand, but you ain't like them, and you won't make a mook at me, but there's times, specially in the evenings when I *ache* for someone to say quite gentle-like to me 'Liza,' and just to look at me a bit lovin'. Why shouldn't I have what others do? 'Cause I ain't pretty? Ain't my heart as good as Polly's

there? Wouldn't I be truer than her? May be I won't mind later on, but I ain't so old now as all that come to. And natur's



RELIGION'S UPSETTIN' 'LIZA," MRS. JONES TOLD HER HUSBAND.

natur, whether we're ladies or poor girls. Ain't it nat'ral to want to be loved?"

"Most natural, dear," said Miss Callender, to whom 'Liza was just then a revelation.

"Then," went on the girl emboldened by the sympathy which was rather in manner than words, "when folks are kind to me it's mostly pity as makes 'em; and I *hate* to be pitied. It ain't because they wants me with 'em; there's even some, I suppose, as wouldn't care to keep company with me in case folks should stare. And, oh, I'm proud, I am—I'm awful proud. There's none so proud as them as is despised, you know."

"I don't despise you, Eliza," said Miss Callender, spontaneously. "And I'm sure others don't."

"If I thought you liked me a bit, *not* 'acause you pitied me, I'd be uncommon glad," said 'Liza, shyly. "I 'spose," she went on, half ashamed at her own confidences, "it wouldn't make no manner o' difference to you, me likin' you?"

"Indeed it would," Miss Callender answered, and she bent forward and kissed 'Liza on the forehead.

'Liza turned away quickly. "I reckon I'd better get on with my work," she said huskily.

And at that minute the door opened, and the others came trooping in. Miss Callender exchanged a few words with them, and then went back to get her things.

'Liza rubbed steadily for a few minutes, then suddenly she threw the towel, with a splash, into the water, and her hands and arms covered with soap-suds, rushed into the room where they had had dinner.

Miss Callender, with her hat and gloves on, and her parasol in her hand, was just giving some directions to the old woman who did the washing-up. "Well," she said, seeing the girl.

"Miss," said Liza, looking down, "There's

something I'd like to ask yer afore you go." She hesitated, glancing at the woman. Then coming closer, said wistfully, in a low tone, "Do yer think you would ha' p'r'aps kissed me just the same if it hadn't been for that."

"For what, Eliza?"

"Him—Him as you kep' company with bein' dead."

"Of course, Eliza."

"Even if it hadn't bin for what—what I told yer at dinner; do yer think, now, you'd ha' kissed me if it hadn't been for that."

"Of course, I would," said Miss Callender again heartily. "Why not?"

"I was only a wantin' to know," said 'Liza, and she went back to her work.

She sighed heavily two or three times, and the others, thinking that she was sad because of that lost love of her's, were markedly kind to her, and Polly Blaines even suggested that, if she was inclined to go to the party she would be delighted if she would do so, in company with her and Tim Croftie, though she experienced great relief when the invitation was refused, for Tim was of an uncertain temper, and might not approve of the arrangement.

Indeed, from that day began a new era

for 'Liza. Whether it was that Miss Callender singled her out for special attention, or because they were really capable of a lasting impression themselves, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that she was differently treated by the other women, and equally certain that this treatment had a salutary effect upon her. Repellant at first, she grew daily more approachable, less suspicious, more gracious, and her better qualities came into play. Perhaps the influence of Miss Callender had not a little to do with this, for from the beginning



"A CONFESSION."

'Liza had loved her, and now her feeling was little less than worship. And to love another is so good for a woman's soul that it works like magic on her whole being. It made possible to 'Liza the comprehension of a love higher than Miss Callender's; and the little London heathen, being taught by her dear lady concerning those things of which she had been ignorant hitherto, became what the girls called "religious." Towards the end of the summer, she consented to be confirmed, and went to classes, and this seemed to the others to make 'Liza more important, especially when she explained that "there was ladies at the classes."

'Liza was nearer being happy now than she had ever been in her life, and yet she seemed sadder too. Often she heaved great sighs that made her neighbour turn and look at her, and frequently there were marks of tears on her face; so that by-and-by it grew evident to the others that there was something weighing upon her.

One day the little married woman, who had developed a sort of friendship for her, ventured to ask if anything was the matter with her.

"I can't help seein' as you ain't quite yourself 'Liza," she said, "you ain't in no sort o' trouble, are yer?"

'Liza shook her head.

"'Cos if there's any way of helping yer, 'Liza, it ain't much as I could do, but what I can, I will, yer know. Might it be as yer 've quarrelled with some one, or is it yer rint, now?—or perhaps may be —," colouring, in doubt as to how 'Liza would take it, "may be you're caring for some one agin, which we can't help our feelings."

'Liza shook her head.

"It ain't nothink o' that, Mrs. Jones," she said.

"It wouldn't be religion, as is depressin' you, I hope?" said Mrs. Jones, with as much severity as she was capable of. "It do take some people like that, which there was a young man our way, as came nigh goin' off his head; but that ain't nateral. It ought to make us 'appy. My Jim, he's sort o' religious hisself, which he pays great rispeck to Sundays, and always washes hisself, and I'm sure a brighter man you couldn't see."

"It isn't religion," said 'Liza, "and yet it is. Everything gets sort o' turned upside down, when one looks at things that way,

and all what seemed nateral once, seems wrong now. It's interestin' seein' how things twists round, but it's sad too; it's disturbin'. There's past things I'd wish different now."

"P'raps you could undo 'em," suggested Mrs. Jones, who was eminently practical. "Anyway, God knows, don't He? if you're sorry?"

'Liza sighed.

"I s'pose," she said, with apparent irrelevance, "one didn't ought to care if one was loved or not; and there ain't no doubt as pride is my besettin'!"

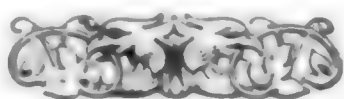
Mrs. Jones shook her head meditatively. She was afraid "religion was upsettin' 'Liza," she told her husband that night.

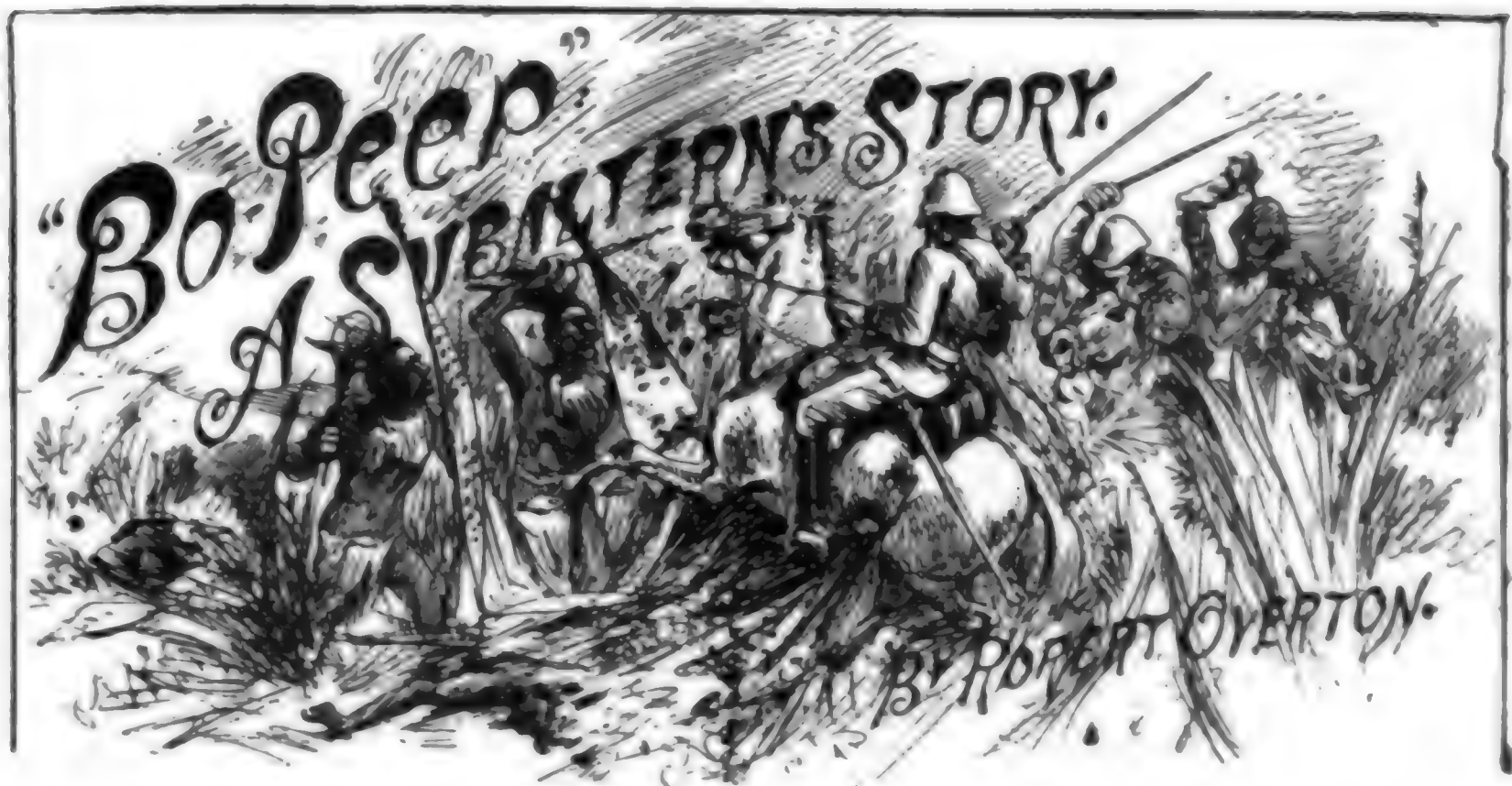
As the time for her confirmation drew near, 'Liza looked graver than ever, and more worried. At last it came to the day itself. She had obtained a holiday from the laundry, through the influence of Miss Callender. What was the surprise of that lady, and the others, therefore, when, in the midst of the mid-day meal, in rushed 'Liza! She had on a clean print dress, made for the occasion, but her hair was disordered, her face pale, from fatigue and excitement, her eyes shone brightly.

"Hullo," exclaimed the girls in a breath. "My! ain't she a swell." They thought she had come to show off her dress.

"Eliza," said Miss Callender, "What do you want? You will be late for your confirmation."

"Oh, Miss," gasped 'Liza, almost breathless, as she was, "I *had* to come. I've tried and tried to say it, and I never could; and at first it seemed a white one. But lately it's come 'atween me and God. And I've thought on it at night, in bed, and when any of you has been kind to me, it ha' cut me like a knife. And oh, Miss, when you've spoken of *him*, I've been a near fallin' down and explaining 'to yer, but somethin' held me back. And I told God, but He seemed to say it wasn't any use my just *tellin'* unless I undid it. Oh, please, all of you. I don't care now what you thinks of me, or if you despise me. I can't go to church until I've told yer. Him as I talked of was only what I'd dreamed about when I was lonely, evenings and times; and there wasn't no Charlie, really, and no one ain't never loved me, nor wanted to marry me."





WE were stationed at Shorncliffe. A special parade was ordered one morning by Colonel Stock for the practise of some new manœuvres, and we were all drawn up on the usual ground for evolutions. Colonel Stock was a good-hearted, liverless, crusty old Anglo-Indian, and that morning he was evidently predisposed to be more than ordinarily peppery. The manœuvres were complicated, and, as I have said, had only been recently introduced.

Several of the companies were not smart enough to please him—that morning. Forming us up—I will avoid technical terms as far as possible—he began what he certainly did not intend to be a peculiarly polite address. Now a lot of people had been looking on, and one of these “people” had gradually crept nearer and nearer to us. When the Colonel began his harangue, this intruder stood all by himself about a hundred yards in rear of the Colonel. We could all see him from the ranks, but of course Colonel Stock, with his face to us, could not see him. There wasn’t much of him to see—he was a little bit of a fellow who looked scarcely ten years old, though he turned out to be older; a little bit of a fellow with a bright,

innocent face, flushed now with excitement, and with wide-open blue eyes that seemed full of admiration. I took these mental notes of him as he came on step by step until he was just behind our irate commander. Even then he didn’t stop. He took a few steps straight on, turned, raised his little face right up to the Colonel’s glowing visage, brought his right hand up to the side of his rag of a cap in a first-rate salute, and said, loudly and quite steadily, “Please, sir, I want to join the regiment!”

So noiselessly and suddenly did this apparition “make itself to arrive” under the nose of the old Colonel’s charger, that the animal made a slight movement aside—and Colonel Stock glared down from his high saddle on the tanned, sunburnt, bonny little face of the unabashed urchin, who brought down his hand and stood at “attention,” silently. The glaring went on for what seemed a long time, and then I—who stood very near—saw the Colonel’s grizzled face alter its expression. It seemed to me that his moustache twitched a little, just a very little. He had had fair-haired, blue-eyed boys of his own. Their fair-haired, blue-eyed mother was dead—a long time ago. So were they.

“Would you like to be a general, and work your way down?” he said gruffly.

“No, sir,”—not another word.

“What then?”

“Drummer-boy, sir. In your regiment.”

The glaring went on again, and then the Colonel called up the drum-major and the sergeant-major, and afterwards an officer;

and when we re-marched into the barracks, "the new recruit" came with us.

Well, enquiries were made—the poor little chap had no father and no mother living: his father, a soldier, had been killed in action. Of course, certain formalities had to be gone through, but before long he wore a drummer-boy's uniform, and was "one of us." He became the pet—I was almost going to say the spoiled darling—of the regiment, he was so quick, and happy, and ready. In the mess we used to show him off—he sang like an angel; and with the men he was just as great a favourite. In the performance of his duties he was a little model, and there was scarcely anything he wouldn't do for anybody.

What his name was I can't remember, for after the incident by which he acquired his "nick" name, he was always called "Bo-Peep." After he had "joined" a few months, a big field day came off, at which a German prince was present. We had to march several miles, and the weather was very hot, and the road white, and hard, and dusty. At our halting-place, it was found that the small drummer-boy, who had started in such high spirits, was quite knocked-up. So the drum-major left him behind, fast asleep, and apparently quite worn out, on the landlady's own bed—and we marched away. When he

awoke, some hours later, and found himself left behind, he was very indignant; picked up his drum, and insisted on following "his regiment." Arrived at last at the scene of action, he was completely bewildered. Guns were roaring, cavalry charging, and masses of infantry moving about everywhere. He tried hard; but how, amongst so many, could he find us or the band?

Standing together, a brilliant mass of colour, away from the smoke, he saw the staff, and up to the staff he made his way. H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief was in the centre, with the German prince on his right hand. He got up quite close, and

beat a rub-a-dub-dub on his drum that brought astonished eyes upon him. Saluting, he looked at the Duke of Cambridge, and piped out, with his usual air of innocent, inoffensive, and respectful confidence:

"Sir, where is my regiment? - I can't find them!"

They were not angry—those great men in dazzling uniforms—but very kind to him; and the foreign prince was so amused that he quoted, with pretended gravity:

"Leave zem alone, and zey shall com' home,
And bring zeir tails behind zem."

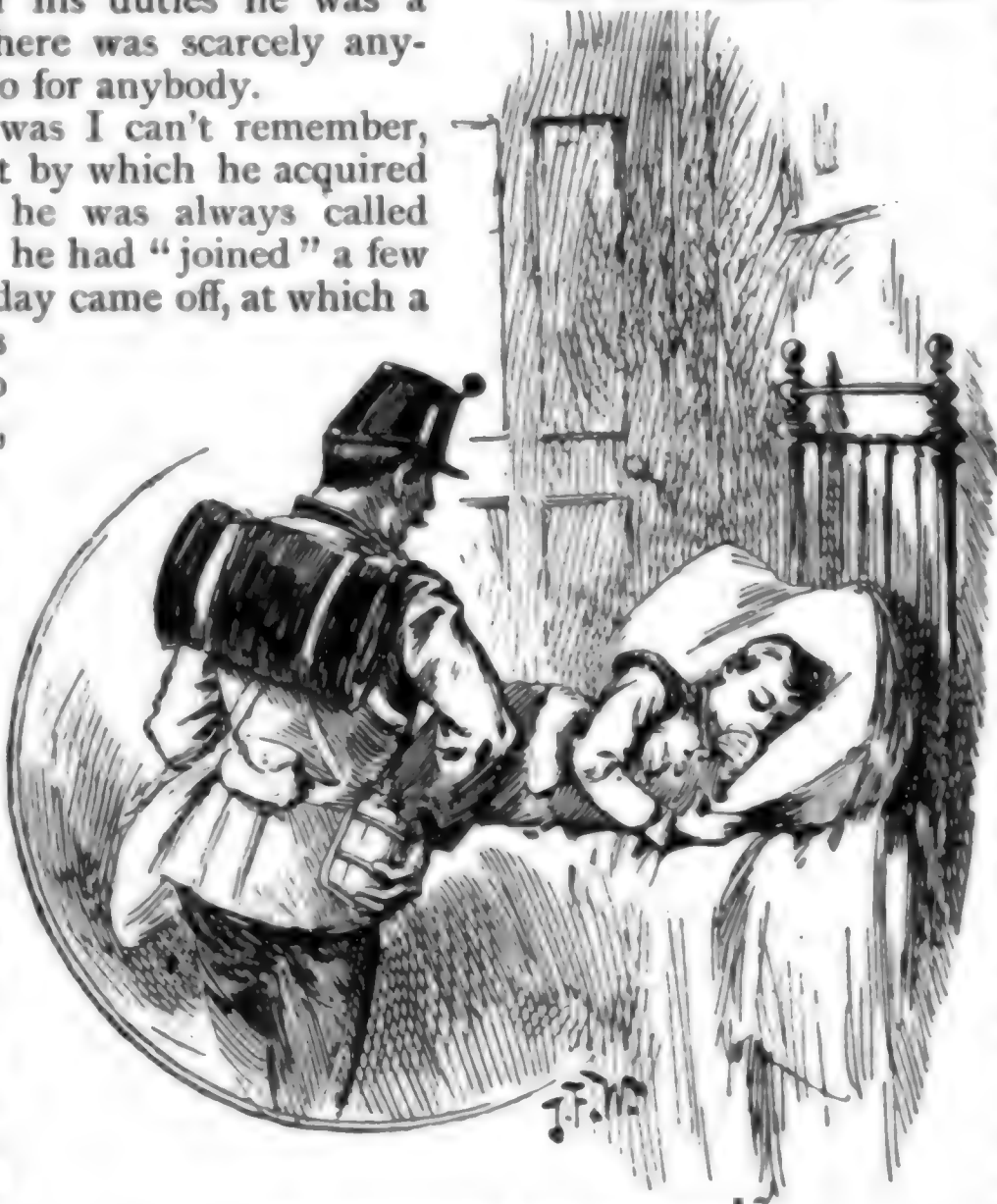
But he wouldn't "leave us alone"—he found us, and came back with us. One of the officers on the staff dined with our mess that night and told us the story, and soon it leaked out among the men.

After that, the boy's name was "Bo-Peep" for ever, and finely was he chaffed about "his regiment."

The hum-drum of our barrack life was broken by the rude shock of war. We were ordered abroad on active service at short notice.

Great was the

grief of Bo-Peep when the surgeon-major said he must stay behind—he was so small and so young. There was no mistake about the boy's grief being real, and everybody sympathized with him. At roll-call, two days before we embarked, Bo-Peep was missing. His desertion—for that was what it looked like—would have caused more excitement had not everybody been so busy with his own affairs. When, very early in the morning, we marched out of barracks to entrain for the troop-ship—marched through the streets all packed with lustily cheering people—I am afraid he was forgotten, though the band was



THE DRUMMER-BOY WAS LEFT BEHIND.



"PLEASE SIR, I WANT TO JOIN THE REGIMENT."

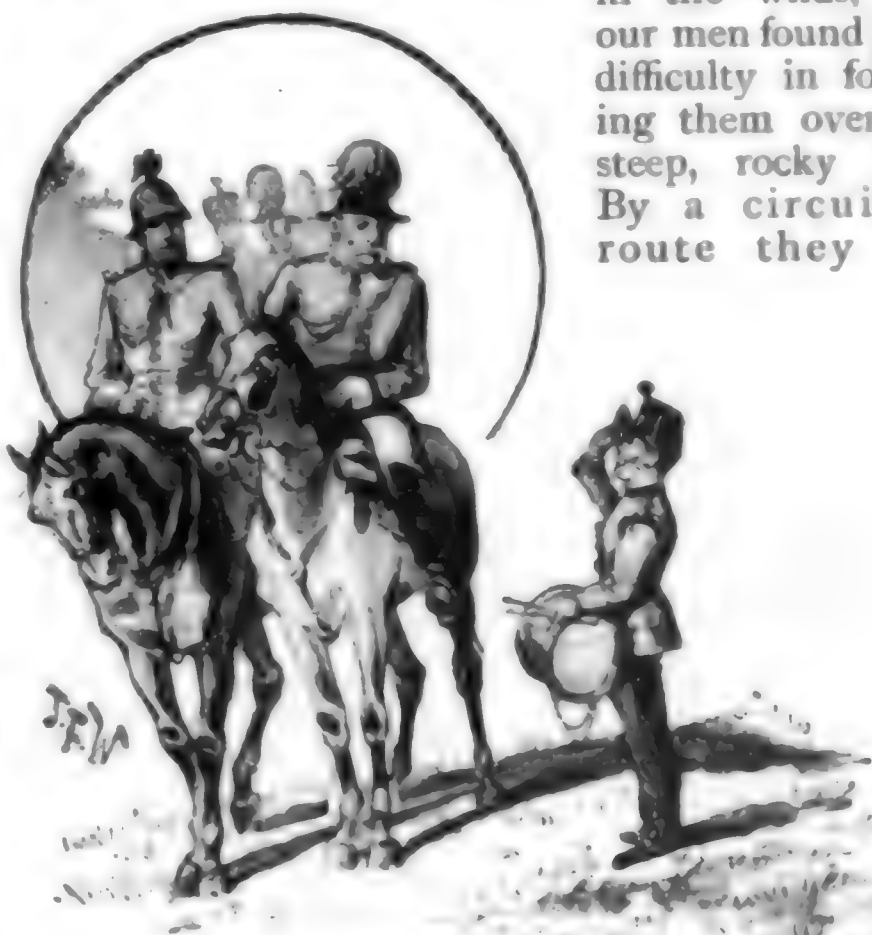
playing gaily at the head of the column. That evening we sailed from Portsmouth, and before we reached the "Bay of Biscay, O!" sea sickness absorbed general attention, to the exclusion of almost everything else.

In the middle of the third day out, a strange noise was heard from one of the boats swung on the port davits. The tarpaulins were removed, and there—in uniform, and with his drum, some biscuits and a water supply—lay Bo-Peep, the stow-away. Rather than be left behind, he had hidden himself on board. He meant to remain hidden till we were further out, but in the agonies of sea sickness he lost count of time. Rough hands pulled him tenderly out of the boat and stood him on his feet. He was so ill that he only asked to be thrown overboard, but he was of course formally reported to the captain of the ship and the Colonel, before whom he was taken, between fixed bayonets. Now all sorts of things ought to have been done to him, and particularly to those who must have helped him in his escapade; what actually was done I can't say, but I know that when the ship reached her destination and we marched up the main

street of the port, Bo-Peep took his usual place in the band and beat his drum proudly with the others.

The war was one of our "usuals," against an uncivilized enemy. Before long we were in the thick of it, and tough work it was, too, for a braver lot of fellows than our dark-skinned enemies never faced British steel. God knows they faced enough of it. The invasion was made by four columns. The one to which we were attached crossed over by the boundary river, and made its way into the headquarters camp, which had been established some twelve or thirteen miles inland from the river. The enemy having shown themselves on the tops of the hills surrounding the camp, their numbers being uncertain and their intentions unknown, a portion of the troops marched out to reconnoitre, and perhaps attack, leaving the greater part of the column in camp, with bandsmen and all supernumeraries. One other officer of "ours" and myself marched out with the detachment, for special reasons; the regiment, save only for us two, stayed behind.

The wily savages trapped us. They were quite at home in the wilds, and our men found great difficulty in following them over the steep, rocky hills. By a circuitous route they led



"LEAVE ZEM ALONE, AND ZEY SHALL COM' HOME."

us on some miles from the camp into an ambush, and then they turned the tables on us. The old, old game that British soldiers are so slow to learn to play at properly. It was as though from every blade of grass sprang an armed savage. In thousands they surrounded our hundreds—I was going to say our scores, which would be nearer the mark. We were cut to pieces. Dense, triumphant masses of the enemy swarmed between the remnant of our detachment and the camp. It was for everyone, who could, to flee for himself.

After the massacre and rout, the enemy marched on. They attacked the encamp-



"IT WAS AS THOUGH FROM EVERY BLADE OF GRASS SPRANG AN ARMED SAVAGE."

ment at night. Surprised again—the old, old story—and weakened in numbers by the marching out of their comrades already defeated, our poor fellows were slaughtered like sheep. The fight they made will never be forgotten, but, like the waves of an angry sea, their foes surged around them in countless numbers. The morning light saw them in full possession of the camp.

With heaps of dead enemies around them, in the midst of overturned wagons and guns, pools of blood on every hand, lay at one corner of the great laager—Our

Regiment!—all left for dead. But with the dead were dying—only a few.

Sorely wounded, crushed beneath a heavy wheel, lay Colonel Stock. He was dreaming of his fair-haired, blue-eyed boys, sleeping so peacefully beneath far-away, white English daisies, under far-away English skies, when a sudden movement behind him aroused him to wakefulness. He could not turn his head, but thought that some prowling savage was coming to take from him the little life he had left. His broken sword lay near him; he tried to stretch his hand to clutch it, but could not stir. "At least, I will look my death in the face," he thought, and opened wide his eyes. Then he saw standing before him—not the swarthy, grinning visage he had expected, not a victory-flushed savage, with pointed assegai and gleaming eyes and hate-brimming heart—but a little, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, white-faced, English boy, his drummer's uniform gashed and gory, and stained with mud. He had crawled from a bush hard by, where he had lain for hours,



knocked into senselessness by a blow on the head. It was Bo-Peep. He seized the gun-wheel which lay on the Colonel's body, with both his hands, and managed to lift it off.

Then he said, "Where is the Regiment, sir?"

The Colonel tried to wave his hand around—to point to where dead and wounded men lay, singly, doubly, in scores, in heaps—as he replied: "Here! But lie down, my boy, lie down; they will kill you if they see you standing."

Bo-Peep cast a piteous look around him,

and fell sobbing at the Colonel's side. But he ceased his crying, as the wounded old soldier said, very quietly, but very, very earnestly, "Listen to me,



"WHERE IS THE REGIMENT, SIR?"

Bo-Peep. (The Colonel had never called him that before.) Away on the hills before us the General is marching, to join this camp. He won't know—what has happened—he'll come up unprepared—perhaps not in force—all be cut to pieces—. Crawl about—try to find a white man—who isn't dead—and can run. Order him to get over the mountain—and straight on—meet the General and tell him—'*The camp's in the hands of the enemy.*'—You're—very like my boy Teddie. Kiss me."

A wounded officer, lying near—able to see and to hear, but not to move or to speak—told me afterwards that he saw Bo-Peep kiss the Colonel's white and senseless cheek, then throw himself downwards on his face and crawl away through the grass, like a snake.

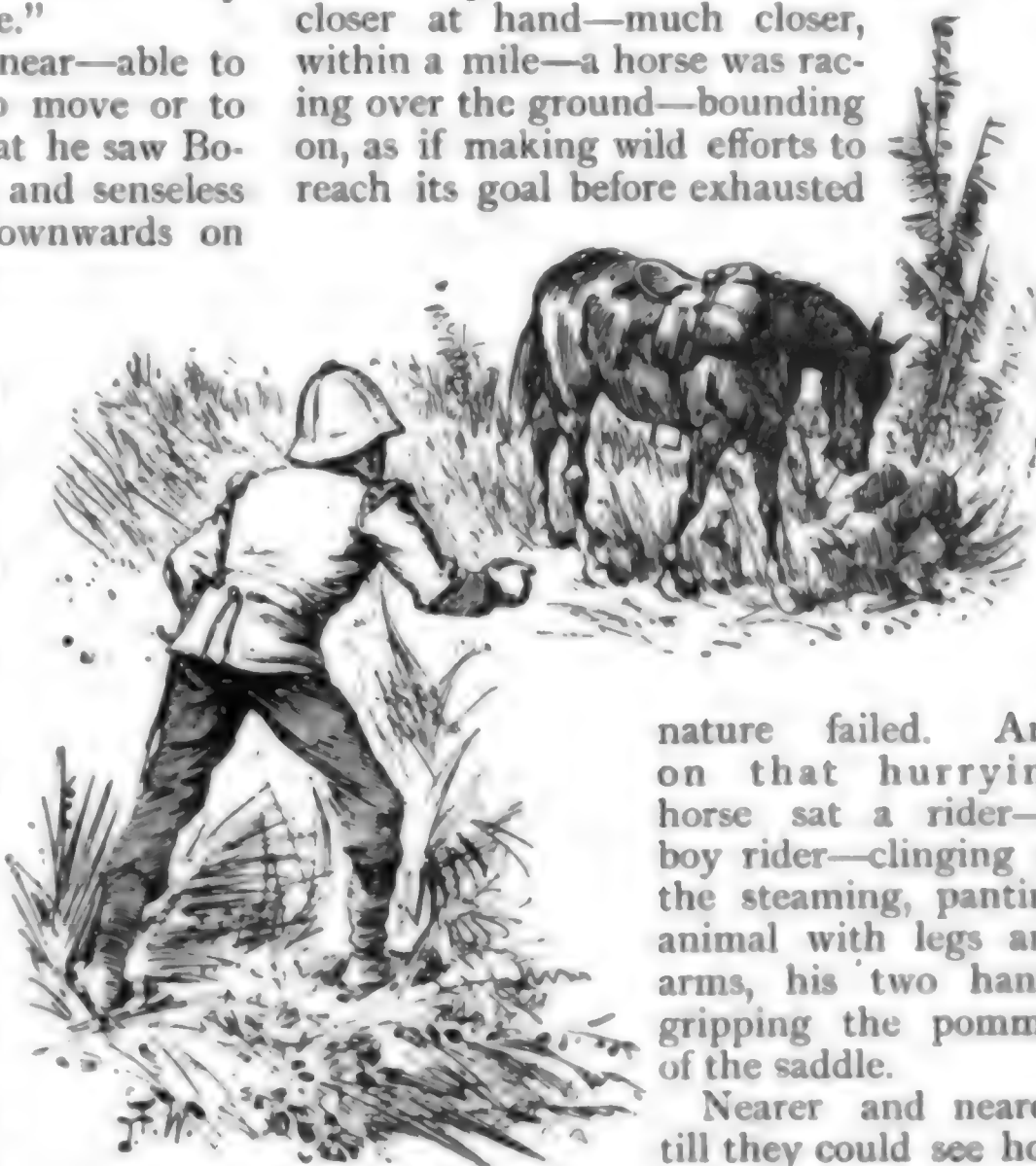
He found an unwounded horse, waiting quietly by a rider who would never mount again. Upon this horse he clambered, and rode off. He was perceived, and a shower of assegais flew round him. By one he was wounded; but, gripping it in his right hand, he used it to urge his horse to greater speed. On, out of the camp, over that high hill, straight on to where the General was marching! As by a miracle, he cleared the last vestige of the camp, and turned up the mountain side. And then, all his pursuers left at last behind, on, on, on—straight on.

Some miles ahead, behind a long ridge that covered their approach, the General was riding forward with comparatively a small body of troops.

The supports were, of course, moving on, too; but they were some miles in the General's rear. The trap that had been laid by our wily enemies was this: when they obtained complete possession of the camp, they did not much disturb its appearance from a distance; they left most of the tents standing, and stripped the red tunics from the bodies of our dead, and put them on themselves. They knew that more

white soldiers were coming, and wanted them to believe that the camp was still in our hands, so that these other soldiers might march close in unsuspectingly, and be fallen upon suddenly, and "eaten up."

And into this trap the General was marching. On the crest of the ridge—overtopping the hills around the camp—the troops halted, and a number of glasses were levelled across the stretch of country. In the distance the white tents of the camp were just visible—all seemed peaceful and in order; but closer at hand—much closer, within a mile—a horse was racing over the ground—bounding on, as if making wild efforts to reach its goal before exhausted



HE FOUND AN UNWOUNDED HORSE."

nature failed. And on that hurrying horse sat a rider—a boy rider—clinging to the steaming, panting animal with legs and arms, his two hands gripping the pommel of the saddle.

Nearer and nearer, till they could see how white his face was;

closer and closer, till they could see the wild glare of his eyes. Nearer yet, closer still; and at last, struggling up the ridge, the horse fell dead at the General's feet, and from the horse fell Bo-Peep. He struggled to rise, and stood bolt upright as he cried to the General: "*The camp is in the hands of the enemy, sir!*"

Then he reeled and fell to the earth again, fainting and senseless. A tent was pitched, and he was carried in very gently from the sun, and a doctor knelt by his side and cared for him very quietly and tenderly. Mounted men were sent on in hot haste, and returned with ample confirmation of the drummer boy's report. The camp *was* in the hands of the enemy. Preparations were immediately made, but it was necessary to await the arrival of the supports before the re-capture could be attempted. Those supports came up in the evening, and with them, I and a few other survivors from the ill-fated detachment that was first cut up. We had struck their trail and joined them.

An hour before we set out to shell and re-capture the camp, I stood by the side of poor little Bo-Peep. The assegai wound was doing its work. He was

dying. The little hands that were shivering and shaking in mine would never play in the band any more. For him the last tattoo of all was sounding.

"Mr. Charteris," he whispered, "I want to tell you where to find the regiment—where I left the regiment."

He described to me the spot where he had left the Colonel—and the others—and then said:

"Will you promise to have me taken there, and buried with them?"

"Yes, Bo-Peep, I will."

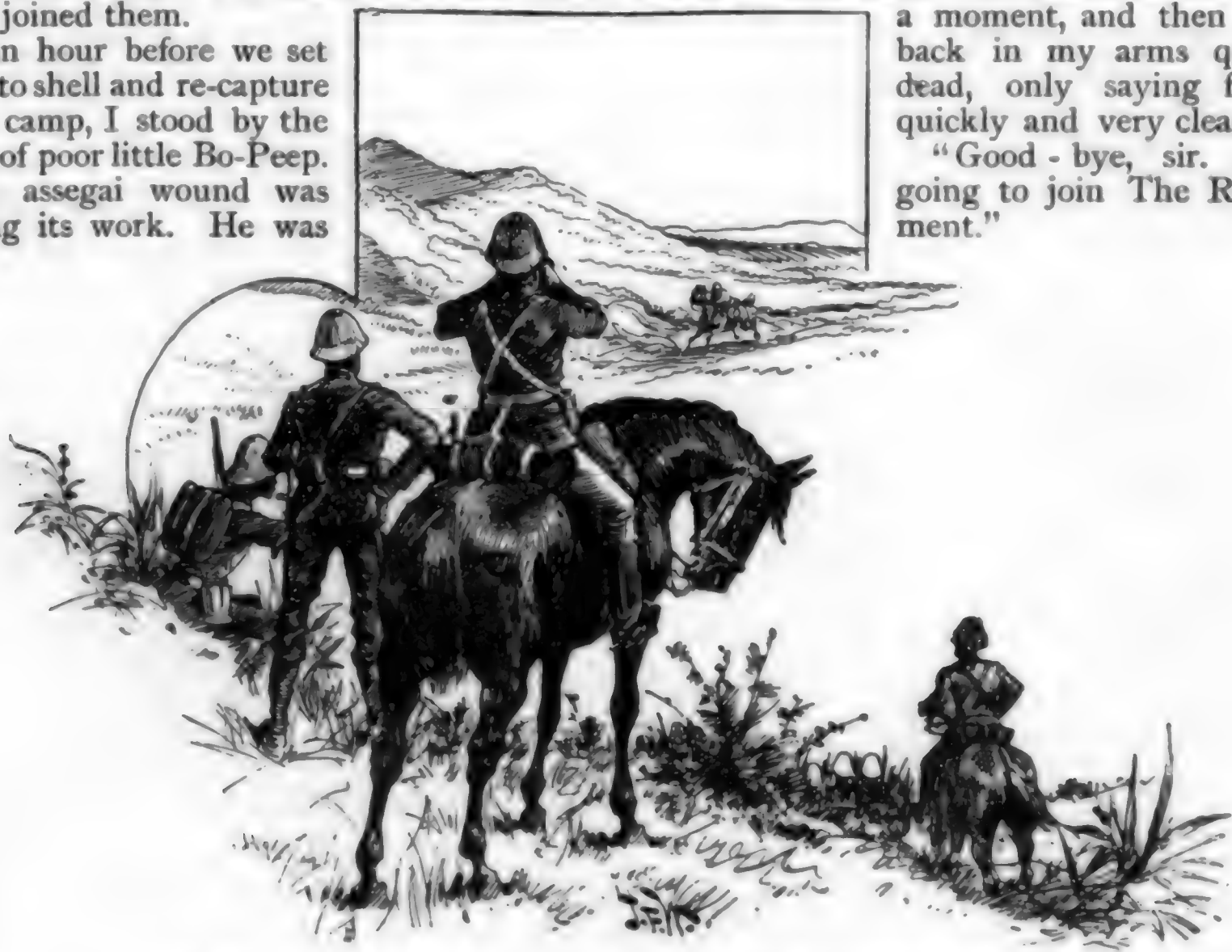
That promise I was able to keep; the poor little drummer-boy sleeps where, all around him, hundreds of his comrades sleep.

A soldier appeared at the entrance of the tent, and said to me regretfully: "The advance guard is about to move forward, sir."

There was no need to wait any longer for poor little Bo-Peep. The last roll of the tattoo had sounded. He raised himself for

a moment, and then fell back in my arms quite dead, only saying first, quickly and very clearly:

"Good - bye, sir. I'm going to join The Regiment."



ON THAT HURRYING HORSE SAT A BOY RIDER, CLINGING TO THE FANTING ANIMAL.

Stars that Shine.

SERENADE.

FOR A TENOR VOICE.

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY T. SYDNEY SMITH.

Andante. Strs. *crescendo.*

PIANO. *p* Corni. 'Cello. Corni.

p espress.

Stars that shine in heav'n's vault a -

Corni. Strs. *piz.* *f* *p* *sempre dolce.* *p* Corni.

- bove her, Si - lent-ly your vi - gil keep, Guard-ing my love;.....

crescendo. *f*

Bright ri - ver flow-ing by, Mur - mur your lul - la - by, And guard.....

cres. *f*

crescendo.

a piacere. *rall. molto.* *p*

..... her safe-ly from all harm, Ye an - gels from a - bove.

colla parte. *diminuendo.* *p* Strs. *p* Cor. *p* Cor.

poco piu animato. *mf* *piu f*

All thro' the night soft-ly slum - ber and think of me, While the sweet

mf *sempre legato.* *crescendo.* *piu f*

p *appassionato.*

night-bird her love soft-ly sings: Till..... morn breaks
con 8ve.....

forth..... shedding beams o - ver land and sea:

8ve..... loco. *dim.*

mf e poco accelerando. *p espress.*

And to thine eyes a new bright-ness brings. I mur - mur thy name to

mf Fl.

STARS THAT SHINE.

63

mf *cres.* *espressivo.*

cheer me; Dream on, thy love is near thee, Dream on, thy love is near thee,

Ob. *St.* *cl.* *Cello.* *col canto.*

a piacere. *diminuendo.*

Dream..... on, my love,..... dream on!

p *St. pizz.* *pp* *Corn.* *pp*

pp Dream on! Dream on! *accelerando.*

p a tempo.

Stars that shine in heav'n's vault a -

dim. poco rit. *pp* *a tempo.*

dim. *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

- bove her, Si - lent - ly your vi - gil keep, Guard - ing my

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

love;..... Bright *con forza.* ri - ver flow - ing by,

cres. *f* Mur - - mur your lul - la - by, And guard.....

a piacere. *rall.* her safe-ly from all harm, Ye an - gels from a -

col canto. - bove!
a tempo. *accel.*

ff Ped. Ped.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piece titled 'The Ludgate Monthly'. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system begins with a vocal line starting on a whole note 'love;' followed by a piano introduction. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines. The second system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Mur - - mur your lul - la - by, And guard.....'. The piano accompaniment includes a prominent bass line. The third system has the vocal line singing '..... her safe-ly from all harm, Ye an - gels from a -'. The piano part has a more active, flowing accompaniment. The fourth system shows the vocal line with the lyrics '- bove!' and 'a tempo.' The piano part includes a section marked 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'accel.' (accelerando). The final system concludes the piece with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment that ends with a double bar line. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (f, cresc., ff), articulation (accents), and performance instructions (Ped. for pedal).



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